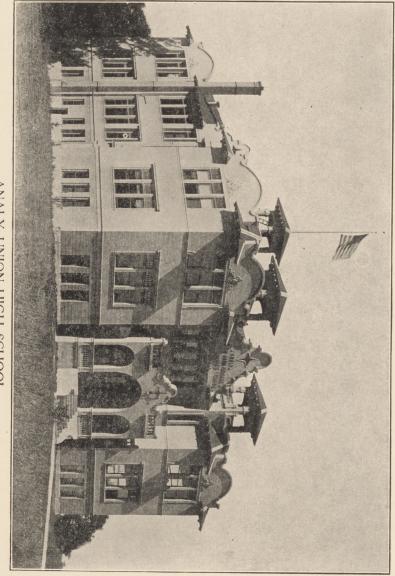


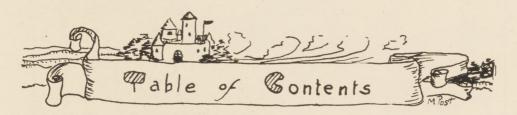
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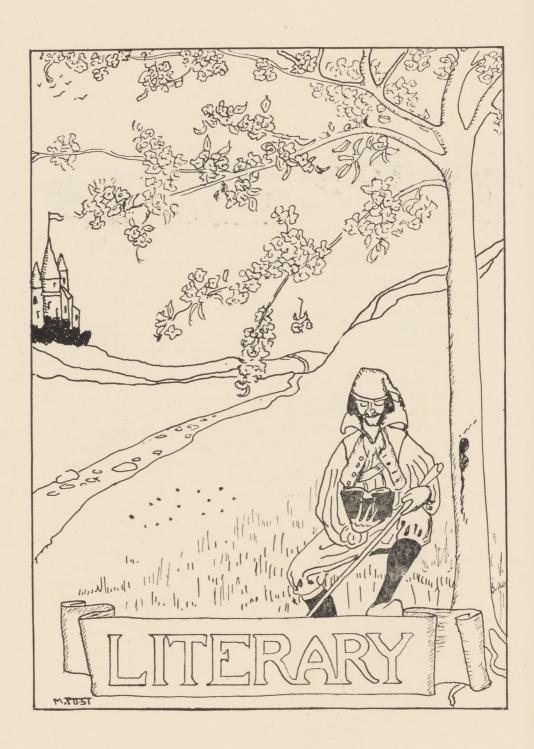
Analy Union High School Sebastopol, California 1919 To
Our Loyal Advertisers
this issue of The Azalea
is respectfully dedicated by the
Class of May
1919



ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL.



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The Chains of "Los Sepulcros"

By HOMER THOMAS (First Award)

D LD Joe Castaneda rolled a thin cigarette, using a corn husk in place of the familiar brown papers, for Joe, let it be understood, was a Californiano of the old stock, and as such observed many of the customs of the days of the great rancherias.

Joe was old; many years had passed since he was a little, brown boy on the great Rancheria de Blucher; many were the changes in the country around the present town of Sebastopol. And Joe knew all the legends and stories of every spot in Sonoma county; and there are many and of many kinds. For had not Joe lived here all his life, and had not his father and his father's father lived not fifteen miles from Sebastopol before the Gringo stole all the land?

Joe and I were the best of friends. All of the friends of Joe's youth had died long years before and, with my knowledge of his own beloved Spanish, found a place in his lonely, old heart. And so Joe told me many things as we sat on one of the knolls gazing at the sleeping St. Helena.

As Joe lit his cigarette he started to talk. This is what he told me in his Spanish idiom and I tell it to you in English:

"Long ago when my father was a little boy there came from the south a white man to our valley and with him came the Black Veil of Trouble to hover over the hills and valleys of Blucher.

"The white man was welcomed as we welcomed all in those days. The rancheria was his, and he was entertained royally by my father's father. But this Gringo, the first in our valley, was very strange. Always did he dig and search for trinkets and bits of work done by the Indios. 'Corios' did he call them, and always, as I say, did he search. The vaqueros gave him of their help and soon he had many wonderful and beautiful things, and all for friendship did the vaqueros give them to him. Rings, bracelets, head straps, knives and arrow tips of flint were given him. But he asked for more.

"Ay, Dios mio! You are not knowing what that impious one asked! It was for a burial chain of the jefes of the Indios!

What a demon to ask us to desecrate the graves of the holy dead! You see we did not comprehend the Gringo then as I do now and know that to them nothing was sacred. Sangre de Christo! How they stole and killed when they came!"

Old Joe sat silent, moodily gazing out over the valley that had been the kingdom of his fathers, now divided into small apple orchards. I did not interrupt his thoughts, but sat silent also, waiting for him to continue.

"You may never have been told about those burial chains. All the jefes had them but the 'jefes mayores' or great chiefs had chains of old gold, richly fashioned by the best workers of the gold that the Indios had. When a jefe died these chains were bound around his body tightly and carefully. Why? I will say and you will laugh. But I believe—for I know, and I—I do not laugh, senor. Those chains were bound around the dead bodies of the jefes tightly and carefully, as soon as possible after those jefes died, to keep his sins from leaving his body with his soul. Thus his soul was white and pure for his God to pass judgment upon. It sounds strange, does it not? Si, but, amigo mio, there were many strange things in California before the Gringo came, and only a few 'viejos' like myself know.

"Well, this Gringo; he said that he must have one chain from the grave of one of the jefes. All the vaqueros and jefes say 'No!' It would leave the dead jefe without the guardian chains to hold his sins from blackening his soul. But still he asked Juan and Pedro and Felipe and Indalecio and all the vaqueros where to find the place of 'Los Sepulcros', but each vaquero frowned hard and with eyes black from anger answered 'No sabemos nada!'

"Then what did that devil Gringo do? He makes love to La Palomita! Ah! La Palomita was known far and wide as the fairest nina north of the big bay! Beautiful and kind she was, and every man was mad for the love of her, for one glance from her black eyes. La Palomita was a queen. But she was a woman, and women listen to the stranger from a new land. And the Gringo talks and sends glances of fire at those black eyes; and La Palomita—well, she was a woman and he made her love him above all men.

"That was all the Gringo wanted. La Palomita was a Californiana and her love was as a fire within her, not cold like the women of the Gringos who live here now. La Palomita would do anything for that Gringo; and, Canastos! he asked her to show him where Los Sepulcros' were. La Palomita feared the wrath of the dead; she tried to be strong and not tell, but he asked, and told her he doubted that love she gave him. And La Palomita, for love, tells him and shows him the hidden spot.

"So the Gringo finds a grave of a great jefe of many years before, and tells La Palomita she must help him dig for the chains. And La Palomita, la pobre, helps him; for you must remember he made her love him.

"The night that they left for the evil work was cloudy and black like one hell and La Palomita was scared, I tell you so. But the Gringo was not fearful then, no, not then—later; but wait. The way to the place of 'Los Sepulcros' was dark and full of horror to that poor little nina who had to go because her love commanded, and only her trust in her man kept her on the silent trail. The trail led them up a deep valley and at last they reached the dreaded scene of their evil work against the holy dead. The graves were on the side of a small hill up from the valley; just shadowing the graves, was a big cliff of rock that seemed to La Palomita to be a guarding spirit of those dead jefes.

"The Gringo began to dig. As he dug La Palomita had more fear and still more fear as she watched the impious one desecrating 'Los Sepulcros'. That fear was like ice on the breast where love had burned and seemed a terrible warning of things that were to come.

"At last the Gringo uncovered the bones of the jefe, and with a wild cry he snatched at the bones and pulled away the chains that had guarded it for so many years. Pero, Diablo, when that crazy Gringo dug up the chain, the spirit of the dead jefe was furious like the wild bulls of long ago. His sins rose up to blacken his soul and the spirit hurled the lightning at the cliff and that demon, the Gringo. It hit the cliff and the cliff slid over the open grave. It buried the bones of the old jefe, buried the living body of the unholy sinner against the dead, and buried the gold chain. Nothing was left.

"La Palomita? When the Gringo uncovered the bones she forgot her love for the Gringo and fled on her horse to the rancheria.

"But La Palomita was no longer La Palomito, but 'La Bruja' the witch, for all men feared her and looked the other way when she gave them the glances from her black eyes. And no man loved her ever in the long, dark years that she was doomed to live, for the spirit of the jefe cursed her. Her beauty left her and she grew loathsome to look upon. She, who had been La Palomita the beloved, became La Bruja the accursed. And little children ran from her, and her lonely heart yearned for the touch of baby hands, and the mother in her longed to fondle and love some little one. But it could never be. Never was she to have husband—babes—or friends; only the memory of the Gringo and that night of horror.

"Thus it was, amigo mio, that the first Gringo came to our valley and died in our valley. Men say it is a lie; but my father's father told me, and showed me where it happened, for the Indios know where the jefe and the Gringo are mixed. Es verdad! But it is not good for others to know, so we never

show that place of 'Los Sepulcros.' "

And old Joe Castaneda rolled a thin cigarette, using corn husk in place of the familiar brown papers, for Joe, let it be understood, was a Californiano of the old stock and, as such, observed many of the old customs of the days of the great rancherias.



The Prisoner of Sinai

(By MADALYN POST (Second Award)

Total OILING in the heat of the merciless sun, a human chain of Things bowed beneath the lash of the driver crawled slowly over the arid cliffs of the Sinai mines. At intervals groans or cries escaped one or another of the more animated ones. They, who could thus give vent to their pent-up agonies, were dumbly envied by those who had grown mute through years of servitude. They learned to be silent after a long struggle, and with that, they gave up also their souls. They were only bodies, hardened soulless bodies, that gave no outward show of their unendurable pain.

Sarenchis from the back of his swaying camel viewed his little world. In truth it was nothing but dry sand, barren cliffs, a blazing sun, and the Slaves, but it was his world, and he was lord and master over it. There was everything for his comfort. Choice foods, luscious wines and plenty of crystal clear water, and on the back of his drowsy camel, was a well canopied houdan which afforded him protection from the sun.

Scanning the cowering group, he singled out a youth who bore a huge load upon his back, unfastened his arm-chains, and by way of amusement, had him scourged. At the first stroke the boy emitted a hoarse cry, but as the brutal lashing went on he ground his teeth, and with half closed eyes felt the blood trickle down his naked back.

Staggering under the weight of pain and the huge burden, he was forced to resume. Anubis tried to overtake the rest of the slaves, but, entirely exhausted from the strain, he fell. Blows reigned upon him and he was prodded with hot irons, but he could not rise. With a howl, the overseer, whose duty it was to watch him until he could go on with the others, reflected with anger that the prisoner would probably be unable to move until morning. This meant a night in the desert, unprotected from anything that might happen along. What slave should keep him from his wine with the others? Not one, by Hathor! Picking up the fallen burden of the unfortunate slave, he loaded it upon his horse and left Anubis lying shackeled and in a deep stupor upon the hot sand.

When the red sun gleamed through the jagged cliffs and began to sprinkle its warmth through the chill of the night,

Anubis awoke. Stiffened by a sleep in the chill desert air, with no covering but a cloth about his loins, and by the cruel flogging he had received, he was unable to move, but he lay watching the slowly silvering sun, wondering why he was so

long alone.

Finally it occurred to him that they had left him for dead, and that if he could escape, he might live for revenge. He raised himself upon his elbow and looked about for his huge pack. Then his gaze wandered to the distance, where he expected to espy an overseer. Neither did he see. The shadows of the cliffs grew shorter, and the sun, now blazing, slowly pursued its course over the rugged mountains. A hot wind sprung up and rippled the sand. Anubis lay still propped upon his elbow, with a glowing sense of freedom and rest creeping through his veins.

After a long period of reflection, he rose to his feet, and began mentally to mark out his course. Rapid flight was impossible because his feet were chained so as to allow only a moderate step. Therefore he must walk, hiding when a fellow human appeared, and braving the grimness of hunger and thirst. He began slowly and painfully, for the cold desert air had chilled his wounds during the night, but his hopes were high and he made the best of his afflictions. He journeyed all day in peace, but toward night a sensation of pain began to gnaw within him. He grew faint from his hunger, so he stretched out upon the still warm sand, and slept.

Awakened by the sound of snorting horses, he raised his eyes to heaven and listened intently. He heard the strange sound made by the hoofs of the horses in the loose sand, and voices carrying on a loud conversation. He lay still, hoping to be unnoticed, for there was nothing about in which to conceal himself. But the bright moon threw his figure into sharp relief against the gleaming sand as the horsemen drew up.

"By Isis," exclaimed one, "I'd have sworn in the Holy of Holies that we left him five leagues nearer Sinai. He must have—but no, he is still shackled, and he is in the same position in which I left him. Sarenchis gave out some fine wine yesterday, but I didn't think my senses had gone so far astray."

"He's dead now anyway," said the second, illustrating his statement with a kick at the blood-staned ribs of Anubis, who lay motionless, scarcely daring to breathe.

"The wretched cur! He doesn't belong in the city of the

dead any more than he belongs in the mines of Sinai! How much a private grudge can do!"

"Who bore the grudge?"

"Why, Sarenchis! Nebtah Sech, Anubi's betrothed wife, was desirable in the eyes of Sarenchis for his son, whom he has not seen for fifteen years. He wishes his son to marry well."

"But how could he hope to save her for one whom she had not seen?"

"Why simply by removing the object of her affection. He wished his son to make a good impression when he arrived, and how is that possible when she has eyes for but one? Removing that one, are not her eyes free to wander again?"

"You are right," he muttered.

With a parting kick at the prostrate figure, the dismounted horseman climbed back into his saddle, and both the Egyptians fled into the night. Relieved of his awful tensity of strain, Anubis arose, and unable to asuage his pain sufficient to induce sleep to cover him with her soft dark mantle, he ruminated upon all that had occurred. The Nile seemed near in his excitement. He could reach it in two days, Hathor willing. He stretched his hands toward the heavens and called upon Isis to aid him in his flight, and to give him strength in allies to make good his revenge. Slowly he dropped his hands, for he heard the swish swish of approaching horses, and voices growing louder in the night air. He strained his eyes, but could not make out the images as yet, so he again stretched him.

The moments he awaited the approach were infinitesimal. It was cold and the chill air blew his hair about his face. He scarcely dared to breathe, and he held his body rigid lest he should shiver. He grew faint and his head swam, but he ramained in the same attitude of death. The voices grew louder, the grinding of the sand beneath the horses' hoofs grew more harsh and more ominous. The breathing of the horses became audible.

Anubis was conscious of the fact that the horsemen had stopped before him. He listened eagerly to their conversation and grew strangely animated as the talking went on.

"You may look upon his tomb in the City of the Dead and see your own handiwork. Your own selfishness—oh, do not look so—has made you a murderer, not only of Anubis, but many fathers' sons. Hotep has told me all he knows of the matter; he knew Anubis. You have slain him because of your private avarice. How much you must answer for. Let us lift

him upon the saddle."

Slowly Sarenchis went to the prostrate figure, and bending over him looked into Anubis' face. The latter opened his eyes and stared at the older man. The quaking coward shrank away as from an apparition, but Anubis, springing to his feet, caught the sword from the old man's belt, and plunged it deep into his breast. Slowly he drew it out, as with a relish, and heard the thud of the fallen body with a fiendish exhilaration He turned to the dazed figure beside him and held out the dripping sword with the air of one who has captured a prize. With a harsh, choked laugh he swung himself upon the riderless horse and rode away into the darkness.

The soldier stood frozen with horror as he listened to the

receding clank and jingle of Anubis' chains.

"Oh, Holy Isis," he cried, "my brother goes to seek his father whom he has not seen for fifteen years. How shall I tell him he has this night slain him with his own hands?"



The Ebony Box

By ZELDA PITKIN (Third Award)

N a wet, muddy street in New York I found it. It was just a little ebony box; but such a box! Dainty,intricate designs were carved upon the dark surface. On the box sprawled a hideous little dragon with sparking rubies for eyes. Every minute scale of the dragon was carved by a master hand so cunning in workmanship that the beholder must pause and marvel at the wonder of it. I turned it over and over, gazing at its exquisite beauty and taking out my hand-kerchief I carefully wiped the mud and rain from it. As I did so a faint delicate odor was wafted to me. I raised my head, inhaling the perfume. "Spring must be coming," I said, "I smell flowers."

I carried the little box home to my dingy apartments and set it on the table. Dropping to a chair in front of it I fell to wondering where it came from. I tried to open it, but the lid would not budge. My curiosity grew and grew. What was in that box?

Again that faint sweet aroma came drifting to me. What was it? Did it come from the box? I bent closer. It became stronger and sweeter. I closed my eyes with the joy of it. How strong it was! I opened my eyes and my sight fell upon great clustered masses of cherry blossoms blooming above and around me, and the breeze showered them down to the green grass beneath my feet. I stood underneath a great flowering tree of them. The bees buzzed happily among the flowers and somewhere a songster poured forth his liquid notes of song. High up among the snowy flowers a bluebird flashed his brilliant plume.

Where was this land where springtime was so joyous? Through the trees came the answer, a little brown Japanese maiden with sad almond eyes and troubled face. A playful breeze showered the white petals on her shining black hair and blue clad shoulders, but she gave no heed. Why should she be crying so, when spring was everywhere and the birds were singing stories about the houses they would build among the branches?

I spoke to her and asked her the cause of her apparent grief.

Then she told me. There was a little ebony box given to an emperor ages ago by a Japanese god. It was the greatest treasure of the royal family and each succeeding emperor jealously guarded it. He alone knew what it contained, but there were many surmises as to its secret. Some people said that there were precious jewels and gold in it, and others told tales of a little ivory god with flashing blue jewels for eyes and tiny feet of gold, who sat cross-legged on the velvet lining of the box. One very old wise man said it held the secret of eternal youth, and a very old lady said the secret of a child's laughter was hidden in it. Many believed that there was nothing in the box at all and said the tales of jewels and treasure were just foolish rumors, but the emperor alone knew and smiled wisely to himself.

She had been entrusted with the care of the box by the emperor's daughter. It had only been for a short time, and in that time she had lost it and the emperor was very angry. If it was not found in one hour he would cut off her head. She had hunted everywhere for the box and no where was it to be found. She did not know where she had lost it; only that she

had had it and then it was gone.

As she told her story an overwhelmning desire swept over me to know what was in the mysterious box. My hand sought my pocket and I never knowing how it got there!

We went to the emperor's palace. He was a little old wizened brown man with sharp eyes that continually shifted

from place to place, watching every movement made.

I fell to my knees before him and made respectful obeisance. Rising I said, "O, Emperor, if I could return the gift of the gods to you, what would you give me?"

His skinny hands clutched at his embroidered robe, but he said scornfully, "Who is this mad creature who talks of my treasure?"

"Look, O Emperor!" and I drew forth the little box. He reached forward his hands and cried, "It is mine, give it to me." I drew back. "Not until I am rewarded for finding it."

"What do you ask for a reward?"

"Tell me the secret of the box and show me the hidden spring that I may open it and see the treasure with my own eyes." "You shall never see inside its cover; sieze him!"

I quickly fled to the great open door of the palace, through which I could see the blue waters of a lake smiling in the sunshine. "If you but touch me," I said, "I shall hurl it into the lake and you shall never see it again."

His old face grew suddenly very tired, and he said in a weary voice, "I am an old man; give me my treasure and go

away."

My heart smote me, but I said finally, "Tell me how I may open it."

He dropped his head on his wrinkled hands and said in a low voice, "Press the left eye of the little dragon."

Now I would know. Now my eye could feast upon the wonderful treasure. My hands trembled in their eagerness as I touched the gleaming ruby. The lid slowly raised——

"If you want yer supper you'd better hurry, it's a-coldin fast." The harsh voice rang in my ears and before my eyes the emperor and all his court grew very dim. Through the wide dorway I caught one last glimpse of white cherry blossoms and blue water. The sweet scent of the blooming trees faint and far away. Across the lonely sight spread the dingy walls of my room, shutting out that fair land and closing in the disagreeable odor of frying food. There in my hand lay the little box with the red-eyed dragon on its fast closed lid, glaring up at me in malicious triumph. The sulky voice of my landlady had broken the delicate thread of thought which had held me in another fairer land, where spring laughed and sang and where a tired old man mourned for his treasure. Now I would never know what mystery the box held nor how it came from the land of cherry blossoms and springtime to a wet, muddy New York street.



The Death Wind, Hell Delane

By DON WALKER (Fourth Award)

A FONTAINE—ain't that a bird of a name, Doctor?" asked Hell Delane, pointing with his great calloused hand down the long white slope to where several small ramshackle buildings were standing. "It's French, you know. It means the fountain. No," he continued, observing his companion's surprise, "It's merely a hell hole I've founded, reared and named—no, not after her." He said the last quite sadly, and for a time following the two men stood in silence and the dog teams licked the snow and rested on their haunches, waiting.

The man Delane, who had spoken so, was a wonderful—ay, a beautiful, if such he might be termed—specimen of the human male,—physically beautiful and perfect. He was tall and, corresponding with his heighth, were his massive shoulders and frame—lean and straight with great sinewy muscles which moved beneath his furskin clothing like so many cords of straining inner-life. But his companion did not harmonize. He was smaller, weaker and physically inferior.

"So there, Helbert," began the little man suddenly, "lies the La Fontaine, eh, where I am to find a certain queer philo-

sophy? May I——''

"You're new to this land and its ways, Doctor," interrupted the other. "You have told me many times that you hold that the mind is supreme when it comes to creative and governing abilities and that a man must first be a good animal, at least so in his intellect and his behavior, before he can justly be regarded as a man. I am just fool enough to disbelieve it. I claim that a man first must be a wild, vicious and freedomloving animal, like the great white wolf, and that the survivor of this northern life must have strength and endurance and savageness, and thought afterwards. Hobart," he continued, "we of the northland live through our actions; muscle, nerve and fearlessness are the main ingredients of our compound known as life. And life to us—or at least to me—seems cheap and at times almost worthless. I live and I love to live. And of death? Well,—death is one thing that cannot be avoided: we are born to die. Then why fear it? For if we lived for ever

how could we value life? It would be too great a certainty, and it is only that which cannot be retained for ever and eternity that we really treasure. I spoke of death and that we were born to die. I meant it. I have survived the Death Wind many times, and the Death Wind many times has favored me. I was the fittest, the strongest, fiercest and wildest—therefore I remained above the weaker—but some day Death Wind will deal with me; it will be the strongest and then, too, I must go. I live today and get all I can from life today—tomorrow, perhaps, to be gone. I alone, Hobart," he concluded, "with my greater strength and, though I do say it, my greater fearlessness, have created, reared and named that which lies before us—La Fontaine!" With this last boast he lashed the dogs into a yelping, dashing run down the long, snow-covered slope leading down to the village of La Fontaine.

When those long shadows of the great Arctic night spread silently over the wild country, the lynx cat, otter, welf and bear return to their long, long haunt of the lifeless winter.

And so with the people, who through the summer hunt and seek in the great vast wilnerness,—they, too, have their haunts of the winter. And there all the congregated life of the north holds sway; and so it was with the little village of La Fontaine. Winter had retrieved and revived the life and the soul of the great wild north.

The wild storm winds, blowing from the death-stalked trails, howled and shrieked around the corners and beneath eaves of old Malue's. It was evening, and beside the roaring logs of the open fire sat men, big, hoary, husky; bearded men who laughed and talked and shared their "hootch" to pass the time away. Old Spike-eye Mike of Ludenbec was planning of the spring and of a home at Kiskanook along the Kiam Ways. And French Le Duc, too, counted on a shanty far down near Hudson Bay, when he would have a home like old Maule's with curtains on the windows and his guns upon the walls, and where the kettles on the open hearth would boil and bubble merrily at eve-where trophies of the chase, the skins of bear and wolf and minx and cat and the great antlers of the caribou would hang while he sat back in his chair and recounted towhy to the little French Le Ducs, the history of each and why. And ah, yes, the femme—the petite spirit of the house—she would reign above them while he, the watchful mate, provided.

How they thought in quitetude and dreamt into the fire, and saw the picture which he painted there beyond the coals! Then someone coughed, another laughed a nervous, frightened laugh and cursed. What knew they of any home? They were never meant to mate; one swore, they were but like the wolf pack—wild and free and quick with life. Someone proffered "hootch"; again they cursed their fortune and slapped each other's back, and filled the room with careless laughter to forget.

And so they jeered and wrangled over trifles, and told weird tales about the wild, while the snow-wind roared and howled without. Around the eaves and against the mudchucked walls of logs it raged and tore—it, too, was strong and wild and free; a thing born of the north. So, all unheeding of a mightier or a weaker puff, on they talked into the night.

The rusty clock of old Malue's which hung above the hearth, its clumsy hands at twelve, feebly tolled midnight, and still they shared their "hootch" and yarns and fags. Then suddenly, as if expectant, all were silent.

"Ya-ho-o-o!" "Ya-ho-o-o!" And faintly above the raging storm came a voice, calling through the night. "Ya-ho-o-o!" and it came again.

"Hommes, eet eez une femme!" cried French Le Duc, leaping suddenly from his chair and to the door. "Eet eez une femme—Le Duc, he know—he hear dat call befo'," and dashed into the darkness.

"Leave it to French," laughed Spike-eye of Ludenbec, "he knows. Us ol' roosters hev a hard enough time recognizin' em by their looks let alone by ear. Say, Hell," he continued after a time, "wuz yuh ever in love?"

Those about the fireside rolled with laughter and poked each other's arms and ribs in derision, and all the while Delane looked steadily into the coals nor moved a muscle as though he heard.

"Maybe," he drawled in an icy voice when all had quieted and were awaiting his reply. "No, perhaps not." And then half to himself he said sadly, "La Fontaine,—I wonder, did I love?"

Just then the big door at Malue's flew open and two figures stumbled in amid a gust of sleet and snow. The first was French Le Duc; the other no one seemed to know, nor did they

care, for no one moved or offered up his chair. Delane and Spike-eye shared a fag and threw a log upon the fire.

"Hommes, eet ezz ma femme—she come fer me, Le Duc," stated French to get their notice. "Make way 'long side the fire fer she eez col'."

"Dis way, Fontaine," he cautioned, "Fontaine"

"Who in hell are you calling Fontaine, Le Duc?" burst out Hell Delane, leaping from his seat.

"Ma femme, my woman, Monsieur!" answered French Le Duc in cool, even tones, looking the other squarely in the eye. "She ezz my woman—La Fontaine!"

"The hell she is," sneered Delane. "You low-down, lousy whelp of a French wolf—you mean to say that she is yours? Damn you, you sneaking coward, you would cut my throat the while I slept! I see it now. You're the one that played that stunt on me at Berger's place the other night. You thought, perhaps, that I might well forget in time—but no, I don't forget. I blamed Fontaine at the time, but since I've forgiven her." Delane paused and, looking his man in the eye, he stared an even steady glare. How like a great brute he seemed, his lean thong-like muscles quivering along his half-bare arms while the features of his face stood in bold relief, cold, forbidding as though chiseled from steel; the one men feared as the Death Wind of the north.

"You poor devil you, Le Duc!" he said, almost piteously. "You said I couldn't lift eight hundred weight at Berger's place that night. And at the man's own game I did. You failed, and tried me for revenge. Ha! ha! you, though weaker, think you're greater, eh? And that you'd blackmail me to La Fontaine? Ha-ha-ha," and he laughted a hard, fanatical laugh that made the others shift from foot to foot uncannily. "Well, we'll play the cat anr rat, will you and me! We'll make a hell room of this place!"

He leapt out for the other. Le Duc waylaid his aim—and a knife spun on the floor, its handle downward—and then he fell. For a time he lay there silent and the others watched Le Duc, who grinned a fiendish grin and watched the other where he fell

"Ha-ha-ha!" Delane rolled over on his side and looked and laughed at him, the blood running from his lips, as he held the handle of the knife that stuck to the hilt just beneath his heart. "I didn't think it of you, French! You've got me, boy. Your knife trick I forgot. Doctor," he said, after a pause, speaking to an anxious-eyed old man who held him on his side, "Doctor, do you remember when we first looked upon La Fontaine? And when I told you of my theory of this northern life; that it was the survival of the fittest? I hope you can see now that I was right. I cannot—"

"Helbert, you'll be all right again," interposed the other.

"Courage, lad, for you're not hurt so badly."

"No, Doc, I'm not hurt so badly—maybe—but I'm goin' just the same. And, Doc, it's great. I never felt happier in my life. We are born to die, Doc; then why should we fear it? Life is an uncertainty and all must end; that's what makes us value life, as I have said before, the uncertainty. I lived, and how I loved to live, but now in death I must find a greater thing. Forgive me, Old Man, if I seem a fatalist, and forgive me for not being more than what I have. But, Doc, after you have lived here as long as I, you'll see that I am right."

"Now, Doc," he concluded with a weary smile, "I'm gettin" weaker and I've a word for French Le Duc—in private—so take the rest and leave us—God—goodbye, Old Man, until we meet again."

Some one coughed and Spike-eye sniffed and wiped his nose upon his sleeve and cursed a strong, sad curse just to himself, and all passed from the room save French Le Duc.

For a time both men were silent and looked towards the fire and seemed to dream of something far beyond the coals—perhaps of where the guns hung on the walls, and the skins of otter, fox and cat—as did Malue's.

"French, it's La Fontaine," at last said Hell Delane, looking in the fire. "It's of La Fontaine, and you and I wish to speak. I went to college, French, down in the States, and failing in my work, I came up north an outcast—or at least I thought I was. I've fought and killed and sinned and cursed—and lived! God, how I've lived! Last spring, way down in Kiskanook, I met Fontaine, and since then I have thought I loved. But, French, as some one said tonight, we were never born to have a home, nor mate, nor love. We're simply the dog wolf pack of the humans of the north—and I was the fool to believe I ever loved! And tonight? Well, of tonight we'll not speak of who was wrong or who was right, for you got me

—it was my turn, for I had got the rest—and now I'm going, French, old boy," and he whispered low and feebly, "French, all I ask is don't forget the shanty near the Hudson when its mating time in spring, and little La Fontaine—your femme—the petite spirit of the house. So long—I'm happy—yes—I'm happy to be gone."

To The Wind of Night

By DON WALKER (Prize Poem)

What spirit thou aroam tonight
O'er plains and hills and vales;
What spirit thou that in thy flight,
Like a phantom passing through the night,
Haunts all the outland trails?

The sullen pines are wont to moan
In sad satiety,
And among the crags and rocky jags,
Like fitful tunes from the piper's bags,
Still almost piously.

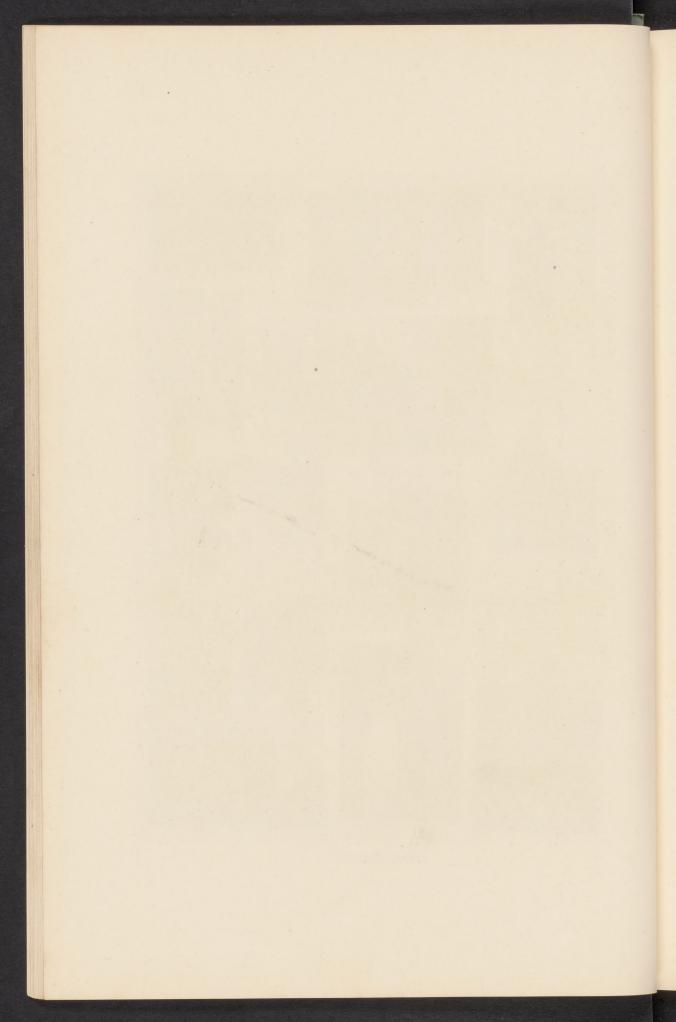
Come gentle tunes, and each one sad,
Like some forgotten hymn;
O Wind of Night—thou spirit of flight
Dost thou come, and the pale star light,
To watch and sing for Him?

Sacred to the Memory of

Mr. Bruckman
Evelyn Hull
Lorin Ames
Mark Heintz
Ward Howard (in Service)
Moore Sweetnam (in Service)



SNAP SHOTS.





SNAP SHOTS.

THE FACULTY

Mr.	Hull	-	-	-	+	-	Mai	the matic	es, Voc	ation
Miss	Gregor	·y	-	-	-	-	Englis	h, Fren	ch, Spe	mish
Mr.	Schnabe	el	_"	-	-	-	Agrici	ulture, C	Gen. Sc	ience
Miss	Helen	Hodg	gson		-	-		Engl	ish, Fr	ench
Miss	Ruth H	lodgs	on	-	-	-	- C	ommerc	ial, En	glish
Majo	or Luke		-		Hist	ory,	English,	Militar	y, Debe	ating
Miss	Clark			-	-	-	- 5	Sewing,	Gymna	sium
Mr.	Brodsky	, -			- /	- 0	hemistr	y, Phys	ics, Alg	ebra
Miss	Cox	-	-	-	-	-	Domes	tic Scien	ice, His	story
Miss	Bruck	man			-	-	music	ge ornelin	5	Art
Miss	Garwo	od	-	-	-	-	-	-	Comme	rcial
Mr.	Nason	-,	-	_	Mar	ual '	Training	, Physic	cal Dir	ector





CLIFFORD WOODFORD

HAZEL CHURCHMAN

Senior President
RAY WADSWORTH
Student Body President

LOIS MORAN Student Body Secretary

CHARLES MEYER

DON CARROTHERS
Editor Azalea
Student Body Treasurer
STELLA HAWES
Manager Azalea



MADYLN POST DOVEY MURPHY MARJORIE SHEFFER

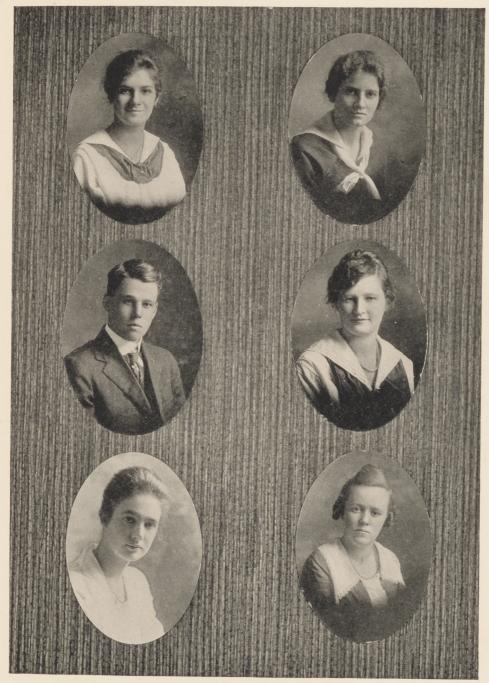
LORENE PRIDE
DOROTHY STILLINGS
WILLIAM EDGERTON



GEORGE HEINTZ MINNIE-ISABEL KAISER ALICE CHINNOCK

LOIS LAMPKIN

ELIZABETH HARRIS KNEELAND MELLO DELORES LEACH



DOROTHY KENT HAROLD BAKER ZELDA PITKIN

GERTRUDE SEABY GRACE BOWER RUTH FELLERS



BEFORE many days have passed we will receive our diplomas. They will testify as to our individual accomplishments at Analy—what we, as students, have done during our four years here. To us, they will signify many things. The crowning moment of our work will have come.

But there is that which will not be testified to by any document—our work as a class. It is fitting that some record be made of what we have added to the history of Analy, as an organization of those striving to a common end.

In 1915, when we began, there were over sixty of us, all eager for the new adventure we were just beginning. Early in the year we organized our class, with Ray Wadsworth as president.

In recalling that not long past Freshman year, three events recur first to our minds: the Freshman Reception, when we were welcomed by the three other classes; the Azalea Benefit, when we contributed a "stunt" to the program; and the Return Reception, an evening's entertainment furnished the school by the Freshmen. An event of importance to the class, and not to the school as a whole, was a class picnic at Summer Home Park on Russian River.

Officers were again elected at the beginning of the second semester, with the re-election of the same class president.

It was during our Sophomore year that the class of '19 rose into prominence in athletics. At the annual inter-class track meet, we carried off first place, as we have done each succeeding year. Barlow, Burns and Heintz were at that time our most promising point winners. We were represented on the boys' basketball and baseball teams by one Sophomore for each sport. Two girls played on the girls' basketball team.

Our energies, however, were not concentrated on athletics entirely. We maintained a fairly creditable average as to scholarship, and kept up our part of Student Body affairs. This may be said of our entire four years at Analy.

We again helped to make the Azalea Benefit, this time the first of our two memorable circuses, a success. Five of our members took important parts in the "Merchant of Venice." Charles Myer as Antonio, Clifford Woodford as Gratiano, Ray Wadsworth as Lorenzo, Earl Wohler as the Prince of Arragon, and Floyd Arnett as Salanio, all helped to make this Shakespearean play, regretably the last that has been given at Analy, an unqualified success.

Our presidents for our second year were Ray Wadsworth for the first, and Hazel Churchman the second, semester.

Following our custom of the previous year, we picnicked at Summer Home Park during the closing weeks of the term.

Our number had diminished considerably when we came back as Juniors, but this did not destroy the zest of the class of '19, for we were starting on the last half of our Analy life. Leo Burns and Charles Myer filled the office of president during this term.

While Juniors, we endeavored to do our bit of the all-important war work. Because of the war, the annual Shakespearean play was omitted, and efforts concentrated on the school paper. Again we helped with the Azalea Benefit program, and three of our members were appointed to places on the staff. Ray Wadsworth served as assistant manager, while Madalyn Post and Leo Burns headed the art and athletic departments, respectively.

Notable during the latter part of the year was a school picnic, which took the place of the usual Junior-Senior picnic. The Seniors were invited as guests of the Juniors. This was the first time that all classes had combined for an affair of this kind.

At the close of our Junior year, we lost our advisor of three years, Mrs. Woodruff. She had been our counselor from the time we entered as Freshmen until we reached the threshold of our Senior year. Mr. Van Deventer, who had been principal since we entered Analy, left during the last month of the term to enter an officers' training camp. To Mrs. Woodruff and Mr. Van Deventer, and their successors, Miss Clark and Mr. Hull, the class of '19 owes a debt of gratitude.

Quite naturally our Senior year has been the banner year of our life at Analy, even though it has been shortened considerably by the influenza.

Charles Meyer and Clifford Woodford have filled the president's chair the first and second semesters, respectively, while Ray Wadsworth has been president of the Student Body the entire year. The majority of Azalea staff members, with Don Carrothers as editor and Estella Hawes as manager, are Seniors. Another circus helped raise funds for the paper.

The first of a series of events planned by the Senior Advisory Board, which is made up of Mr. Hull, Miss Clark, the Senior president, and four additional Seniors, took place on Friday, March 7. A Senior tree was planted, a precedent which, we hope, will be followed by the graduating classes to come. Not only will this custom serve to beautify the campus, but trees thus planted will stand as a lasting monument to each class. In a speech made at the time of planting, Clifford Woodford dedicated the tree to Analy, turning it over to the care of the Juniors in particular. The tree was accepted in the name of the school by the Junior president. The remainder of the program planned consists mainly of parties and picnics.

On May 22, our class of twenty-five members will graduate. We have enjoyed our four years at Analy, and yet we do not wish to stay, for that would mean that we had failed to accomplish that which we started out to do. So happily we approach Graduation, the event which will end our career as a class. The class spirit will still exist, but our organization of four years will end when we receive our diplomas. As to whether it has been worth while, we only hope that the answer to that question is as sure in your mind as it is in ours.

H. C. '19.





Mr. Van Deventer

Willard Akers Fred Anderson Floyd Arnett Leland Barlow John Bertoli

Audrey Bertoli Mars Berton

Henry Bill (Silver Star)

Harry Borba Lawrence Carrillo Eugene Carrillo Grover Hunt

Sidney White Charles Wiggins

Ralph Wiggins

Joe Williamson (Silver Star) Vernon Kent

Roy Williamson Ray Wilson

Roland Carrothers

Walter Cole Louis Borba

Allen Buell

Earl Braga

Grant Du Bois

Clifford Dysle Mary Fellers

Walter Foster

Floyd Gardner Walter Hales

Ward Howard (Gold Star)

Herbert Wightman

Gordon Cummings (Gold Star)

Bernard Wilkie

John Heintz Will Irwin

Dee Winter Carl Woolsey Jesse Winkler Paul Woolsey Lloyd Woolsey Ben Woodworth Earl Erickson Lee Walker Warren Woolsey Wilson Hall Bert Henning Charles Harrison Felix Hawes Harry Jack Rupert Jack Alfred Leland Thos. McDonald Harold Morrison Robert Miller Charles Newell

Merritt Jewell Cuthbert Malm James McMenamin Joe Silveira Harry Vier Alfred Stillings George Johnson Clarence McKenzie Lyle Mobley Hilmer Oehlman Vernon O'Brian Fred Paulson Carter Phair (Silver Star) Thomas Rauch Kenneth Ross Arthur Sweetnam Moore Sweetnam (Gold Star) Logan Smith Vincent Speers Raymond Starrett Theo. Thomas (Silver Star) Bright Street



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A T BEST I am usually sleepy and somewhat tired; but now, look at me; I am weak and wan, yea all in, for I was asked by the editor-in-chief to obtain an interview with each and every one of the all-high Senior class. This task loomed mountainous before my weak and puny self. Nevertheless I set out to conquer, come what would.

Every day I have arrived at Analy, the place of learning, loaded with cross-questions, note books, dictionaries and eversharp pencils, hoping by foul or fair means to obtain my desired result.

But of all the past toilsome days, yesterday was the most fruitful, for it was then that I obtained my longed-for interviews.

Even before I arrived at school I obtained my first, for I met Harold Baker. As I saw him my worn heart beat more freely, for here I sensed out opportunity. Nevertheless my knees quaked as I approached, and as I came within six paces of him I bowed low in reverence. He returned my salutation with a slight nod and a show of teeth. Enthroned there in his sumptuous, sky-blue hebrew Packard, he presented a majestic figure. On opening his lips to speak I thought my opportunity was lost, but no, he invited me to sit at his righthand and ride to school with him. I immediately complied with the request, and we were off. While the car coughed consumptively along

toward its destination, I received my first interview.

On asking timidly of Harold what he thought of introductions, kid parties, and other such Senior foolishness, he turned his head and, looking at me in haughty disdain, replied: "I consider such foolishness entirely too frivolous and undignified to deserve my presense."

At this I turned away to hide my sorrow and chagrin at this statement, for be it known that I am one of the childish

and undignified.

As I turned I saw Grace Bower hurrying toward the Times office, probably intending to put some Senior news in the paper. Turning again to Harold I asked to be allowed to go and walk down the street with Grace. Though bewildered, Harold allowed me to go in quest of my second interview.

It was a long, hard run before I was able to overtake Grace, and a longer time before I could summon enough breath

for even one question.

Before this was accomplished we were again on the return

journey to school.

I asked Grace several questions, but the one which gave best results was upon the use she had made of her time. She replied that she had been making a very exhaustive study of aeronautics, especially the occupants of airplanes.

Suddenly, at the very heighth of the interview, and with no warning, Grace stopped and began pointing at the heavens, all the while calling in a very queer manner. Had she suddenly gone mad? No she had not, for at that moment I looked heavenward and saw the reason for her action. High above in the blue a great white sea gull sailed and dropped, looking precisely like a great airplane.

Just then Grace screamed loudly and cried: "Oh! my aviator has returned." I reassured Grace as best I could that this was not her aviator, but only a gull. But the more I reassured the more indignant she became, until my second interview ended in a wild pursuit, with myself in the lead. I succeeded in evading Grace by running into the solid Geometry class room, knowing that only the daring go there.

I now wiped my hot brow and was just thanking my guarding angel when in front of me I saw Hazel Churchman bending arduously over her studies.

As I approached she raised her head to see who was pres-

ent. I greeted her cordially and, sitting down beside her, I plunged immediately into my subject. When I asked her to prove that one couldn't get a square meal out of a round steak and that a square steak wouldn't go around, she immediately went to work on the problem, but though I waited for half an hour I received no further word from her, so left her still pendering over the problem.

Strolling aimlessly down the hall I at last came to the Physics Laboratory. When, behold, as I opened the door, there stood Alice Chinnock. She, as Hazel was doing, was bent over some complicated apparatus, that I will not try to explain here. I questioned Alice as to what she was doing. She replied that she would rather not talk now, as she was making a study of pickles at present and didn't want to be disturbed, so I very kindly left the diligent young lady and left the room to continue my search.

I did not have to look far, for there at the other end of the hall stood Bill Edgerton and Don Carrothers talking to one another. They seemed to be very squarely toward one another and on drawing nearer I found that they were having a very heated argument.

In time I found that they were debating on their favorite beverages. Don Carrothers was strongly voicing his weakness for orangeade, while Bill in defiance was praising Welch's or gingerale.

Not wishing to ruin my already half broken reputation, I strolled past the two and turning I walked down the stairs.

As I turned a queer sight greeted my eyes. There at the window stood a boy dressed in girl's attire, looking toward the eastern hills. Not being able to believe my own eyes, I stepped nearer. I had been fooled, for this person was no other than Lizzie Harris. As I drew nearer a longing sigh escaped her lips. She turned, rather excitedly, upon hearing my step. I reassured her and we stood for awhile gazing out of the window at the distant hills and talking of the beautiful places of our state. Elizabeth was not so talkative as usual and I was only able to find out that she thought Calistoga the lovliest place in all the surrounding country.

Satisfied with this bit of material, I left Elizabeth and went down into the Assembly Hall.

Had the assembly bell been rung? If it had, I must have

been deaf, for I had not heard it. I went to my desk and sat down meekly. But my attention was attracted almost immediately. Stella Hawes was upon the rostrum just finishing a speech. Now Stella, as everyone knows, talks on basketball, but this time she ended her speech by saying: "The Chevrolet is the most satisfactory car I have ever had any dealings with. A most wonderful car, and it can be so terribly overloaded and still stand up well."

At this point I happened to glance out of the window and saw George Heintz doing his one-half mile in "57." I had always wanted to get an interview with George in his native costume, so I hurried out of the building and was just in time to catch him as he fell across the tape.

Time "57" yelled the time keeper. I waited for George to get his breath again. Then I asked him for an interview on track. George accepted only too gladly and then began. "Well, Wad, it was like this. Way back in 1910——." Thanks, George, ever so much," said I as I strolled away.

When I returned to the Study Hall it was deserted except for Minnie Keiser and Dorthy Kent, who were busily engaged in conversation.

I approached them and tried to say something, but as soon as I opened my lips, Minnie began to cry loudly, and big tears dampened her cheeks. Dorothy was about to follow Minnie's example herself, but managed to control herself and began to console Minnie.

I was so taken aback by this that I stood speechless. Realizing where I was, I immediately left the room.

I met Lois Lampkin in the hall and engaged her in conversation. We talked on the subject of geography, and I found that at present New Jersey was her favorite state. She also asked me to attend her wedding. I was so surprised at this that I left her as quickly as possible.

I was in such a hurry to make an exit that I almost collided with Dolores Leach. I excused myself, but she said she didn't mind boys at all, especially the San Francisco variety. Knowing that she was fooling with me, I replied that I thought her double chin became her very well, and walked on.

As I again re-entered the assembly hall I espied Charles Meyer and approached him. But who was the young lady talking to him? I tried to talk with him, but of no avail. That Sophomore girl took all of his attention.

I sadly walked away to Spud Murphy's desk, where he sat gazing steadfastly at a geometry book. I talked to Spud for some time, but all he did was to mumble about something being equal to something else. But mingled always with the mumbling was the word Hessel. I haven't yet been able to find out what the word means.

As I was about to leave Spud, Kneeland Mello sat down near me and began to talk. I asked him how he liked the taxi business and he replied that he enjoyed it immensely, but that he was doing such a large business, especially among the ladies, that he expected to buy a larger car in the near future.

I left Kneeland talking to Spud about taxis, and approached Lois Moran, who was at her desk busily writing. As I came near she raised her head and looked at me. Such a tired, mournful gaze I never had seen before. I found, after some questions, that she was writing up the minutes for school assemblies and governing board meetings. Excusing myself, I left her.

Then I understood the meaning of that tired gaze. Just as I was leaving the study hall for the second time, such a noise and bustle was started in the room at the rear that I was forced to turn around and look. What I saw was Madalyn Post crawling down the aisle on her hands and knees. She was crying lustily and scrutinizing every desk as she went by. "Oh my cuts! Oh my cuts!" she wailed. "What is the matter, are you hurt?" I asked, assisting her to rise. "No," she replied, and kneeling she resumed her crawling and crying. What the matter was I cannot tell, but mayhap the reader will.

At last the noon gong sounded and I went to lunch. As I carried my lunch out on the lawn, who did I see but Zelda Pitkin, Lorene Pride, Gertrude Searby and Red Sheffer. Anxious to get an interview, I sat down among the young ladies and began to talk with them, although my ears burned dreadfully. I succeeded in starting an argument in automobiles. Zelda seemed to favor the Buick quite strongly.

Lorene was too busy adjusting her ear-rings and hair to argue at all. Gertrude Searby showed her determination to remain loyal to the old nag. In time the argument became so heated that I was forced to take refuge from "Red" Sheffer,

who started in pursuit of me. Not wishing to be treated roughly, I made my escape by asking Dorothy Stillings and Ruth Fellers to walk with me to the postoffice.

Although the journey was long and I had plenty of time to get an interview, I can't remember whether Ruth or Dor-

othy said anything or not.

Although I tried all afternoon to see "Cliff" Woodford, my efforts were of no avail. But still determined, I went to his house after school. After knocking for some time I rereived no answer, so boldly walked in. Clifford was seated in a chair caressing his beloved violin. I sat for half an hour and listened to his playing and then left him, satisfied with the interview.

That night my notebooks were full, my ever-sharp pencil was dull and my cross-questions were gone, but I had succeeded in part, so why worry.

The Poem of the Rube

(La Poeme de l'Oeuf Dur.)
By MELVIN URSIN.
I went to the Circus,
You bet it was great.
I went to the Circus,
I went in great state.

We rode on the chutes, It collapsed near the bottom, And as to my jitneys, The door man he got 'em.

The camels were great,
And so were the bears;
And concerning my bank re
It peeled off in pairs.
The clowns acted funny,
And one broke his dome;
So after this happening
I started for home.

I went to the Circus, You bet it was great. I went to the Circus, And came out a poor skat.



FIRST AID



WING to the many new activities taken up this year by the students of Analy Union High School, such as boxing, wrestling, trapeze, folk-dancing and music, we, Dr. C. U. Temup, E. Z., and myself, Dr. Lettum Dye, P. D. Q., deem it absolutely unnecessary to provide any precaution in case of accident. Consequently we have published a list of first-aids and anticedents for some of the things entirely useless but very uncommon although general among High School students. Therefore we hope a copy of these will be placed in an inconvenient place and not followed in case of accident, but we hope they will be read carefully and with emphasis. Here is the condensed list as sold only in bulk:

CASE I—SNAKE BITE

If bite is below the belt, remove belt and place below the bite, then proceed as with mosquito bite, using "Pond's Extract.

CASE II—SEASICKNESS

If patient is in such a condition that he or she can hold nothing on his or her stomach, but his or her hand, respectfully, place all kinds of good eatables near patient and eat them yourself, slowly, so that they will settle evenly. If this fails, something must be the matter with the patient.

CASE III—LOVE SICKNESS

This, we believe, is wrongly named, as we believe there is no such ailment as a sickness of the Love, which we fail to find in the human diaphram. What is commonly called love-sickness is labelled Inflamation of the Gills in our bottles. As medical relief we advise the patient to recover as quickly as possible.

CASE IV—DANCE CRAZY

This is a new disease, having only become common since

dancing was introduced. For severe cases, rub hands and feet softly with Dr. Howitt Tickles harness oil. If this does not relieve invalid, the patient is not sick and your watch should be consulted.

CASE V—DANDRUFF

If patient is unconscious, take what you need of the things in his pockets and place in yours. This always helps. Rub patient's scalp with hands until breathing commences, then cut hair next to head.

CASE VI—ACCIDENT

If patient is dead, bury him. Dedun Berried will gladly do it for you cheaply. If not dead, there is still hope. Do all you can to make him feel at home.

CASE VII—SUNSTROKE

Don't give stricken one first aid, give it lemon aid. Under no conditions call a doctor, as patients do not like to be seen in this condition.

CASE VIII—BLUES

If patient is beyond recovery, place a convex mirror in front of him and when he sees it he will be sure to cheer up and recover. This always fails when done rightly.

CASE IX—NOSE BLEED

Hang accused on clothes line and let as much blood run freely as will, catching same in basin, as a high price is paid for blood in the form of blood meal. Do not tell patient, as he may recover before enough is collected to pay your gas bill. As soon as you think all blood has run out, reinvert patient and put to bed. Feed him once daily some weak soup with an eyedropper.

CASE X—STOMACH ACHE

Nothing can be done for this unless patient is suffering. If he is suffering, call any unreliable surgeon and have gathering removed. This is dangerous to do without the proper tools, so inexperienced persons should wear glasses, colored ones preferred.

CASE XI—TOOTHACHE

Make a hot ginger and sage leaf tea poultice and place on

bottom of feet. This does no good, but has always been the custom, so we recommend it heartily. In severe cases, take teeth out in dark of moon.

CASE XII—STAGE FRIGHT

This is the last and most important; therefore read it over at least once so you will thoroughly misunderstand it. The only remedy for this is gained by experience. You can do it yourself, just as well as a doctor, so be sure and call one so he can compliment you on your poor taste. Follow these:

Lay patient on floor, head and feet on the opposite ends. If he carries a watch remove from his pocket and put in your own. Tickle bottom of feet with feather. If patient moves you know he is not paralized and that digestion is still going forward. Take his pulse in the next room and listen for heart beats on back of neck. If heart is not beating you can tell case is severe and will require a little more time and medicine. The patient will require only beer and soft drinks, in small doses, yourself showing patient how to drink as often as you get thirsty. If he does not recover under standard conditions, get some chemistry or physics student to change his temperature and heart beats to standard and doctor accordingly.

In all other cases these following general laws and rules may be applied:

- 1. Call a doctor when you have money enough.
- 2. Pull patient's tongue out and let it fly back, as this always starts respiration.
 - 3. Use your own influence freely.
- 4. Always be as calm as possible and don't excite the neighbors.
 - 5. Don't work too fast, as this is always tiring.
- 6. Do everything you can think of that is not necessary and call it a day's work.

Dr. C. U. Temup, E. Z., and myself never use these, so we give them to you free of charge, hoping they may be of some value to you.

—Don Carrothers, '19.



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class

TOP ROW—Left to right: Walter Carrothers, Douglas Tofflemier, Glen Winkler, Don Walker, Westwood Case.

SECOND ROW—Left to right: Warren Hillard, Homer Thomas, Doris Brown, Margaret Silk, Georgina McMullin, Estella Sinclair, Joe Valentine.

THIRD ROW—Left to right: Margery Harris, Clara Lapham, Naomi Gillespie, Marguerite Bower, Paul Raulet, Alfred Valentine.

FOURTH ROW—Left to right. Don Scott, Alice Kingswell, Stella Kolen, Henry Koster, Hilda Anderson, Jean Scotford, Ruth Rogers, Howard Heintz.

Junior Notes

THE JUNIOR CLASS or class of June, '20, started its whirlwind record off in the fall of 1918 by electing Paul Raulet as president. After the Christmas vacation he was succeeded by Walter Carrothers, who has also showed his sterling qualities as an executive.

The school has probably never had a class of so few members that has played such an important part in the school activities. At present it holds the most offices of any important, second only to the Seniors. It has from its members, the assistant manager of the Azalea, Don Walker; the josh editor, Douglas Tofflemier; two second lieutenants, Walter Carrothers and Homer Thomas, who were also members of the basketball team. In the Cadets it has Don Walker, top sergeant; Westwood Case, top sergeant; Don Scott, 2nd sergeant; Howard Heintz, 2nd sergeant; Douglas Tofflemier, 2nd sergeant. The school is lucky also in having for a member of its track team Glen Winkler. He has been a member of the team for two years, and is now one of the leading members. He is expected to carry first place in the discus, high hurdles, and javelin in the coming track meets. The two yell leaders of the school were also chosen from the Junior Class.

The class has come through very well in all the class assessments, as well as raising \$2.00 to be distributed among the

prizes for the stories of the Azalea. The girls are also not to be slighted in the school activities, but they, too, play an important part in the plays and games in which they participate. The class as a whole think when they get their turn at being Seniors the school will hardly be large enough to hold such an energetic and well rounded class.

—Toffelmier, '20.

What We Gave to Kaiser Bill and Gott

Old Bill Kaiser dreamt a lot
Of conquering foreign land,
Where he might rule and his Kultured Gott
Might hold us in command.

At Argonne and Belleau Wood

And Chateau Thierry, too,
We taught old Billie all we could

And our hearts were kind and true.

We gave them of the best we had—
But I'm right here to tell
The land they got, old Bill and Gott,
Wasn't land at all—but HELL!

—Don Walker, '20.





SOPHOMORE CLASS.

.

Sophomore Class

TOP ROW—From left to right: Philip Bervin, Lavern Johnson, Don Cooper, Lester Woodford, Fred Jensen, Melvin Ursin, Floyd Wyatt, Fred Heintsen, Paul Chase.

SECOND ROW—From left to right: Mildred Shelley, Margaret McHugh, Gertrude Wilcox, Alice Blackney, Delbert Bruce, Lucile Boude, Lois Marshall, Fred Busher, Lester Woodford, Ansil Buletti, Lowell Peterson.

THIRD ROW-From left to right: Nellie Pye, Harry Hutton, George Winkler, Mildred Woodworth, Lois Cox, Lavilla Lawrence, Alice Williams, Mildred Woodworth, Minnie Irwin, Myrtle Roberts, Evelyn Kingwell, Helen McMannis, Jenesse King.

FOURTH ROW-From left to right: Allen Ross, Orlo Winkler, Dorothy Patterson, Grace Mendonca, Silvia Sheffer, Alta Williams, Elwin Pye, Anna Strider.

FRONT ROW-From left to right: Wesley Silk, Fred McMullin, Albert Nolan, Violet Hastings, Evelyn Hawkins, Daniel Conaway, Margery Anderson, Ruth Case, Corrine Layton.

Sophomore Class Notes, '21

T THE beginning of the fall term the Sophomore Class came back to school with the same old spirit a class should have. In the fall election Lester Woodford was elected president and Janesse King secretary.

Basketball was the athletical event of the fall. Although we had no class team, we were represented on both the 130-lb. and unlimited teams by Geo. Winkler.

The spring term opened with every one full of pep and

ready for their hard and toilsome studies. In the spring election Geo. Winkler was elected president and Floyd Wyatt secretary.

Baseball, tennis and track were taken up in the spring. We were well represented in these. The tennis team was made up of two Sophs, Albert Nolan and Allan Ross. In the interclass meet we took away second, with 361/2 points. Our point winners were Bruce. Buletti, Petersen, Rice, Ross, and G. Winkler.

On Analy's basball team we were well represented by Buletti, Busher, and G. Winkler.

Our class is among the leading classes in all the school activities.





FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class

TOP ROW-Left to right: Dwight Williams, Nellie Jensen, Hazel Cranson, Thelma Hawes, Lorraine Marshall, Mary Cadwell, Sadie Shideler, Ralph Chatterton, Rollo Winkler.

SECOND ROW—Left to right: Grace Meeker, Wilma Clark, Stanley Carrothers, George Johnson, Harry Burkholder, Perry Malm, Mervin Strout, Grant Hillis, Lewis Raiceivitch.

THIRD ROW—Left to right: Cecil Jones, Christine Ramsey, Lucile Hallet, Ruth Grey, Adelaide Hawkins, Walter Marshall, Laurence Downing, Florence Raiceivitch, Fay Cranson, Wanda Moore, Rhelda Owens, Mabel Mission, Wesley Meyer, Joseph Thomas, Vern Woods, Asa Sullivan.

FOURTH ROW-Left to right: Doris McCaugty, Carl Ross, Louis Thomas, Mable Paulson, Marie Miller.

FIFTH ROW-Left to right: Gladys Bruce, Camie Bacigalupi, Alice Fellers, Ellsworth Jackson, Merle Prettchet, Ruth Wakeland, Donald Osborn, Wesley Benepe, Horace Davidson.

SIXTH ROW—Left to right: Leland Malm, Charlotte Osborn, Grace Hesseltine, Gerald Havner, Albert Schilderter Benard Martinson, Harold Fisk, Lane Wilson, Dovey Fellows, Nola Osborn.

Freshman Notes

THE CLASS of '22 is the largest class that has ever attended Analy. When school opened in the fall of 1918, eighty-four green "Freshies" could be seen roaming around the campus, fighting shy of the upper classmen.

Although the "Freshies" were backward at first, they soon began to take an interest in school activities. When the first class election was held, Carl Williamson was elected presi-

dent, and Grace Meeker secretary and treasurer.

When the fall basketball started the Freshman Class was represented on the court with many able players, of which two made the 130-lb. team. On the girls' basketball team. some Freshman girls were also among the seven.

Owing to the influenza epidemic many of the class drop-

ped out. When school re-opened after the winter vacation the class was cut down to seventy-three—thirty-four boys and thirty-nine girls—which still holds the record of being the largest class in school.

After such a long period of vacation it was hard to get down to school work again, but soon everyone awoke to his old school interest. The class election was held to elect the officers for the second semester. Carl Williamson was re-elected president, and Ralph Chatterton vice president, and Christine Ramsey secretary and treasurer.

On the twenty-first of February the Freshman Class gave a reception that was given in honor of the Freshmen earlier in the year. The hall was decorated very artistically for the occasion. A very enjoyable evening was spent, with a "Jazz"

orchestra, and punch served between dances.

In the track the Freshmen boys again showed their ability. At the beginning of the season the first to be on the track were Freshmen, training hard to make athletes of themselves. Perry Malm was elected manager of the Freshman track team, and it was a team to be proud of, taking second place in the inter-class relay and third in the meet.

—C. R. W., '22.

Nature as She is Observed

A nature study and biology teacher sends the following packet of jewels culled from his pupils regarding their observations and conclusions in the domain of Nature:

"Organic matter is when you have something the matter

with your organs."

"Five devices by which seeds are scattered are wind,

water, explosion, torn up, thrown away."

"The peculiars of an insect are some of them bring diseases, others destroy food, suck the blood, spoil the flowers, lay eggs, and kill babies."

"The grasshopper, when he walks, he either jumps or

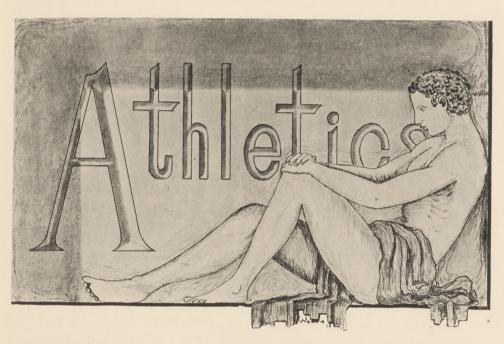
hops."

"The jaws of a grasshopper move east and west."

"A larva is an unfinished animal."

"The flowers is to show what a plant can do."

"A cow's stomach holds about 50 barrels of grass."



BASEBALL-

TRACK—

GLENN WINKLER (Capt.) CHARLES MYER (Capt.)

WILLIAM EDGERTON(Mang.) GEORGE HEINTZ (Manager)

BASKETBALL—

BOYS' TENNIS-

DON CARROTHERS (Capt.) ALBERT NOLAN (Capt.)
HOMER THOMAS (Manager) ALLEN ROSS (Manager)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL-

ESTELLA HAWES (Capt.) EDNA MILLS (Manager)

Athletics

SPRING TRACK MEET OF 1918

THE GREATEST track meet in the history of old Analy took place last year after our Azalea was in press and so did not receive due mention. Saturday, May 25th, 1918, found Analy on the job at Petaluma with a full team and barrels of pep. They were at their zenith, having taken a wonderful close second at St. Helena in the S. N. S. meet three weeks previous. We went to Petaluma with the hope of win-

ning first place, and this is how we did it:

Our dreaded competitor was Ukiah, they supposedly having the strongest team in the League. We started out with the 880 yd. and took second and third places, Heintz and Meyer running for us. Kid Martin pulled a third for us in a slow 100 yd., due to the sandy track. Then came the fastest and most spectacular race of the day. Barlow and Burns, Analy's two hurdle wonders, ran the fastest set of low hurdles that had ever been run in the N. W. L., taking first and second places. The field events ran pretty smoothly, Mobley, Anderson, Burns, Edgerton and Barlow placing in them.

Heintz took the mile with ease, and Edgerton got third out of it. Meyer and Ames ran a nice 440 yd., taking first and second places. Then came the relay. Analy was ahead, having piled up more points than any other school. In the relay we were represented by Ames, Mobley, Barlow and Meyer. They ran a sure second place from the time the gun was fired to the tape. All in all, Analy had brought home the bacon. We

had 54 points, while Ukiah was second with 39.

Rooters, coach and athletes went home thoroughly satisfied with their spring work.

FALL ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

School started with that same steady, characteristic stride last fall. By the time we were well acquainted with our new teachers and classmen, I should judge some six or eight weeks, the community was stricken with a dreadful epidemic of Spanish Influenza. The school shut its doors for a period of five weeks just when it was the time to start training for track, and a short time after basketball was started. So you can see that due to obverse circumstances our activity in fall athletics was limited.

BASKETBALL

With the commencing of school last fall began the work of our lone veteran of last year's championship basketball team, Barlow. But to support him were the men who last year comprised our 130-lb. team, which was also a winning delegation in their circle. But they had all grown up so we had fine material for another winning unlimited team. We were nicely started, having played three games when the school was closed on account of the "flu."

When school started again in November we thought something of taking up the schedule where we left off, but school was soon ordered shut again.

At the meeting of the delegates of the N. W. L. in Santa Rosa in January it was decided to drop the basketball schedule for this year Here our hopes for another championship team this year ended.

BASEBALL

With the warm afternoons of early spring came the call for the baseball men to appear on the diamond. They started to work so as to round into shape for our first League game, to be held in April.

We had lost most of our last year's "vets" and so proceeded to develop a new bunch of men. Under the captainship of Winkler we have a creditable record so far. We waded through two practice games, one with Petaluma and one with the Town Team, coming out with a better bunch of players.

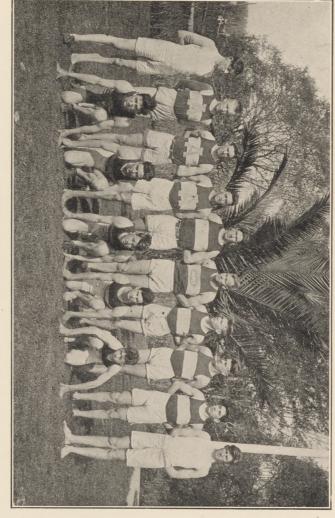
By a bungle on the part of some one in the formalities of the League, we did not receive credit for our first game in the N. W. L. which Santa Rosa had forfeited us. Nevertheless this left us in line to play Petaluma next in this League.

In the S. N. S. our boys journeyed to Sonoma April 5th to play their first League game. They were horned by the telling score of 11 to 0.

The boys who made the team this year were: Baker, Winkler, G.; Winkler, Geo.; Worth, Busher, Edgerton, Buletti, Raicevitch, Woods.

TENNIS

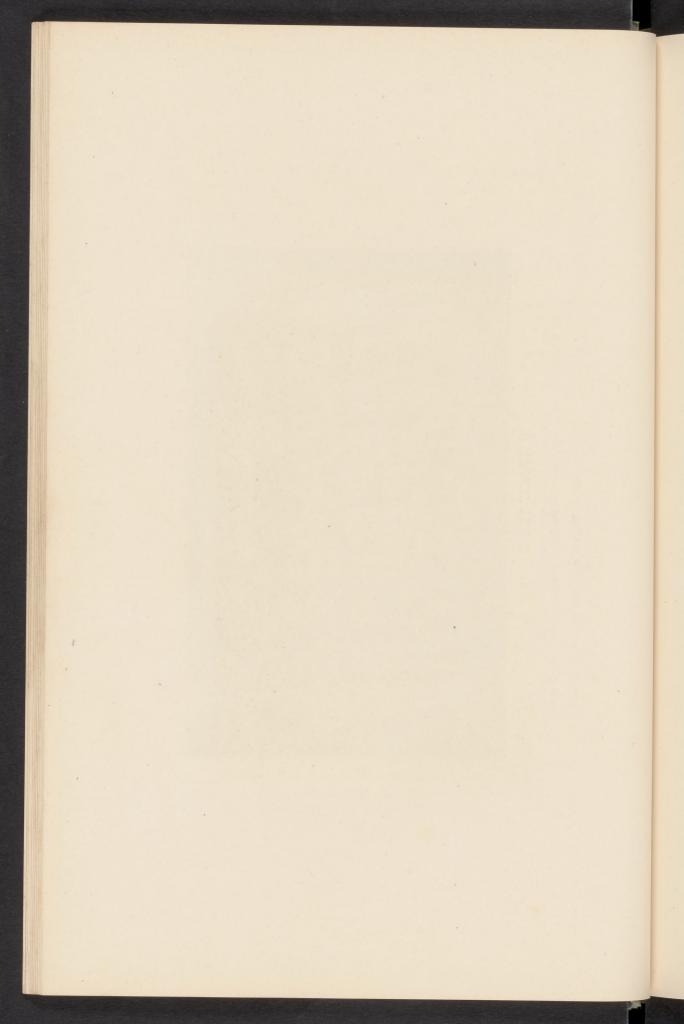
Tennis, as usual, is taking a prominent stand in school athletics this year. As is customary we held our annual tennis tournament early this spring in order to know which men would play our League games for us. Four men got down to



TRACK TEAM.

STANDING: Left to right—Bruce, Edgerton, Carrothers, Buletti, Glen Winkler, Heintz (Captain), Williamson, Winkler, Geo., W. Meyer, Rice.

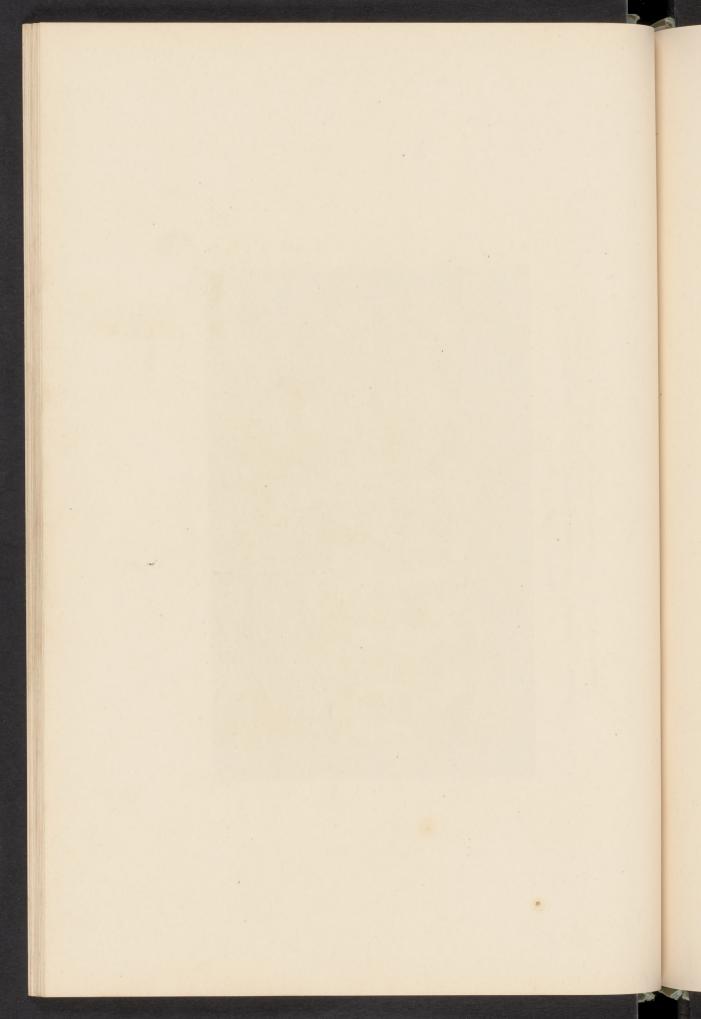
KNEELING: Left to right—C Meyer, Malm, Baker, Ross, Osborn.





BASKETBALL TEAM.

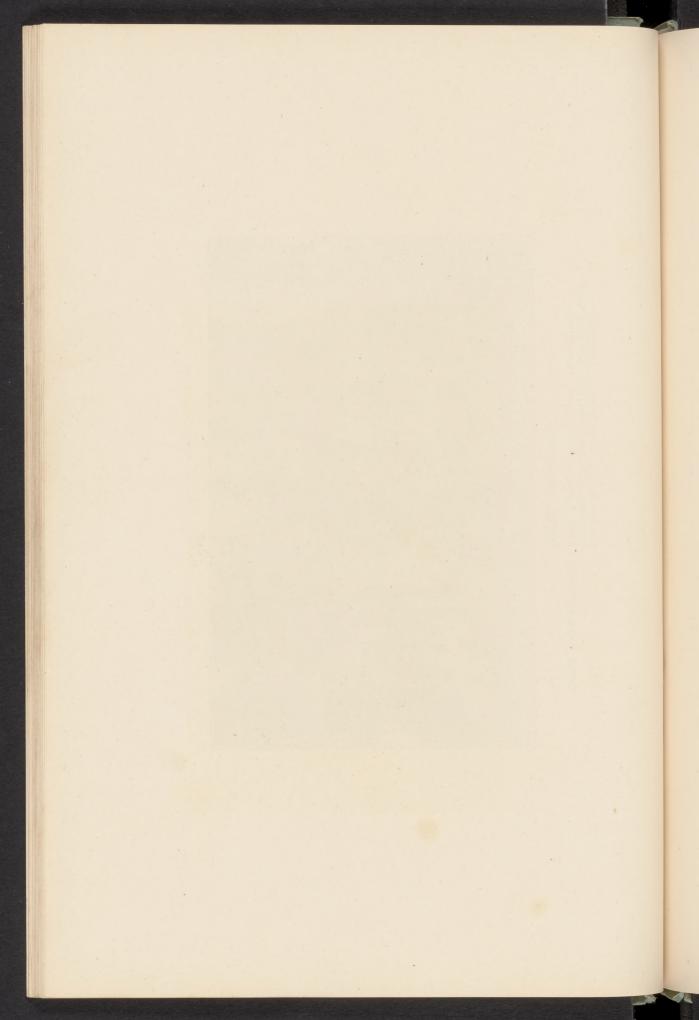
KNEELING: Left to right—Thomas, D. Carrothers (Captain), Edgerton, Geo. Winkler, Heintz.
SEATED: Left to right—Williamson, W. Carrothers, Raulet.

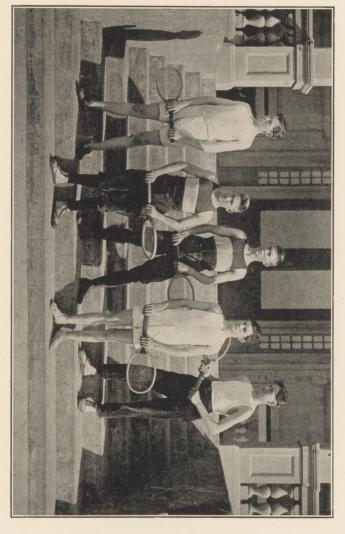




BASEBALL TEAM

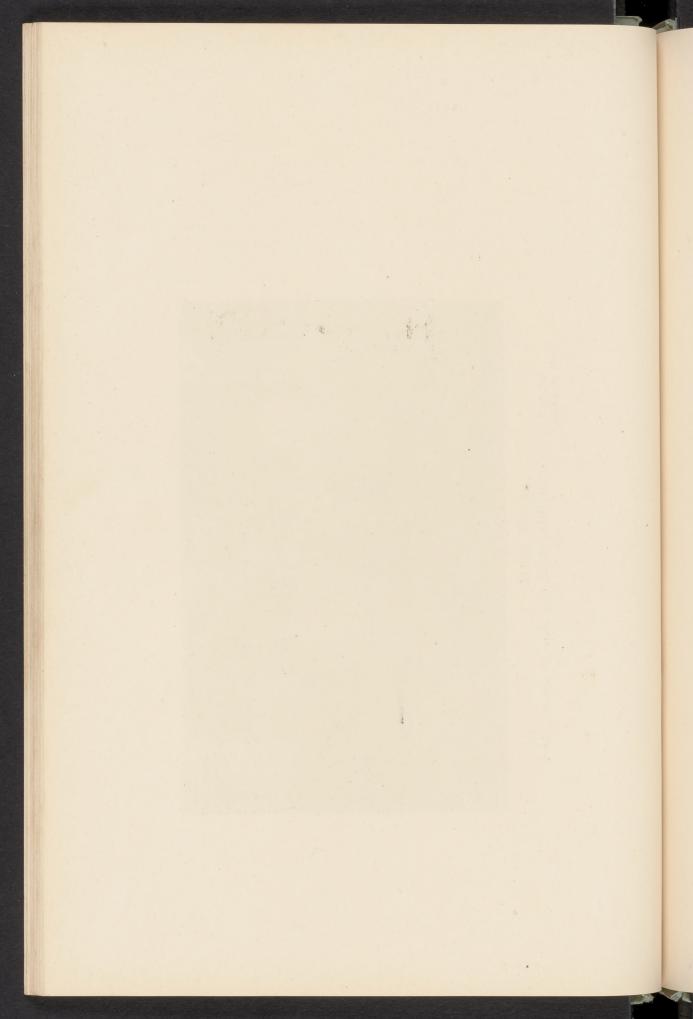
STANDING: Left to right—Worth, Baker, George Winkler, Raiceivitch, Raulet, Busher, Edgerton (Manager).
SEATED: Buletti, Glen Kinkler Captain).





TENNIS TEAM.

STANDING: Left to right—Noian (Captain), Williamson, Ross,



the semi-finals in the tournament and from them we made our team. The team is as follows: Nolan, Ross, Bruce, Carrothers, W.; Winkler, O.

It was decided at the League meeting in Santa Rosa that the tennis and baseball schedule should go together. That made our first League game in the N. W. L. with Santa Rosa. Due to a bungle of the manager of the tennis team, as in baseball, we were not given credit for the game which Santa Rosa had forfeited us. This left us in line to play Petaluma in the N. W. L. Our first game in the S. N. S. is with Napa.

Undoubtedly the boys will do their best to further Analy's tennis title.

BOXING

This year is the debut of a new sport into Analy. Boxing was figured by army officials as one of the greatest health and muscle developing sports of today.

As many of you know that it was compulsory that every soldier in camp had to box a certain amount every week, it is needless to say that it is a great health and strength promoting sport. Furthermore, it was not only considered one of the leading sports to develop a man to fight for the promotion of Democracy, but the leading sport. So when we see how physically able our returned soldiers are, it is no wonder that we are anxious to promote such a sport in our school. There are many in the school who need such development, and boxing is what will do it.

We have with us Mr. Nason, an able instructor in boxing, having had experience while in an army training camp. He has a class of several boys whom he has developed considerably. As yet we have had no tournaments in boxing, as many of the fellows have shown some yellow about getting into the game.

My idea is that boxing should be a permanent sport in the school; that every fellow should go out and learn on a small scale the greatest problem of today, Self Defense.

SPRING TRACK

Before the dark rain clouds had sunken below the horizon, before the winter frosts had thawed, were seen some three or four of Analy's veterans faithfully donning their spikes to uphold Analy's title in the big spring meets. To their support

they had rallied a goodly number of hopeful classmates to try to make the team.

This spring found Analy with only four men in her portals who participated last spring in the big victory at Petaluma. Nevertheless we had good material in Analy and we proceeded to develop it. After we had been training about four weeks we held our semi-annual class meet. Results are as follows:

Seniors	721/2
Sophomores	36 1/2
Freshmen	25
Juniors	15

These class meets give the captain of the team some idea of who to have signed up in the League for the larger meets.

After seeing the performances of the class meet, our old coach, Bill Rogers, assured us that if we got down to business we had a fine chance to walk off with the same laurels that we did last year at Petaluma.

April 12th is the date of the annual track meet of the North Coast Section, to be held this year on Berkeley Oval. We have three men who have qualified to go down: Heintz, Winkler, Meyer. We are expecting them to make a favorable account of themselves, as they were all high point winners in the big meets last year.

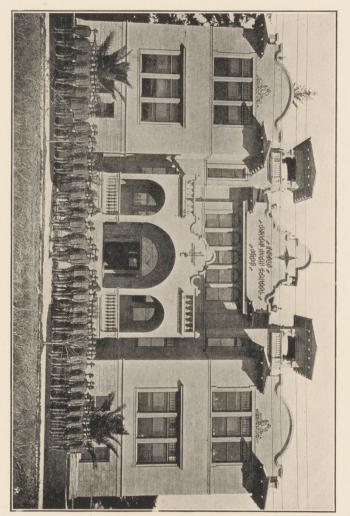
May 10th and 24th are the dates of the League meets in the N. W. L. and S. N. S., respectively. They are to be held at Santa Rosa and St. Helena. We feel confident that the team will do old Analy justice in them both.

This year's team is as follows: Baker, Buletti, Bruce, Carrothers, D.; Carrothers, W.; Edgerton, Heintz, Malm, Meyer, C.; Meyer, W.; Rice, Winkler, Geo.; Winkler, G.; Williamson.

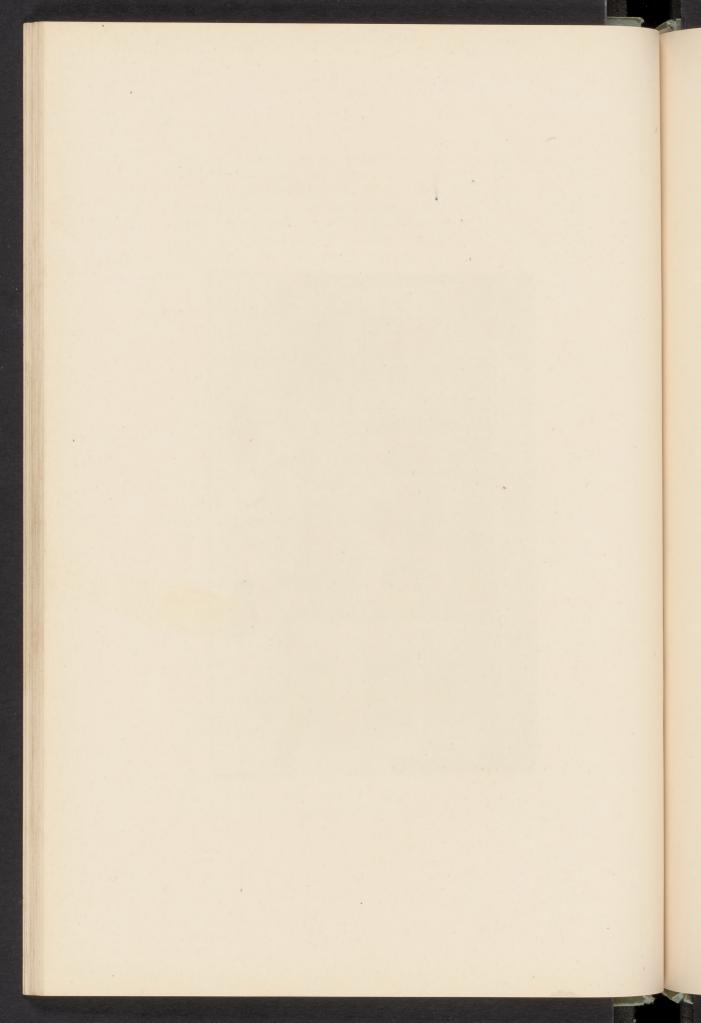
WRESTLING

Wrestling is also a new sport in Analy. It has taken quite strongly with several of the boys. The school having purchased a mat, and with our gymnasium the boys are well equipped.

Two of the best fellows of the 125-lb. class were going to stage an exhibition match at our "Big Circus," but, due to lack of time on the program, were not able to. Nevertheless we who see them going through their antics realize that they



MILITARY.



have not worked in vain. They can slam on an old hammer lock or a body scissors so fast you can hardly see them.

There is hardly another sport that will develop the enduring power of a fellow like wrestling will. These are the kind of sports all the schools in the nation need to establish for themselves, in order to stop the rapid degeneration of the human race which has started to take place the last few years.

What Shall It Be?

What shall it be, what shall it be?
I looked at Frank and he looked at me.
Will it be Chandler, Mitchell or Dodge,
And where are we going to have the garage?

I'd like a Franklin; Kissels are nice; Frank gave a stare, which turned me to ice. Then when I mentioned an Oakland Six, Frank's legs trembled like wobbly sticks.

"Hudsons are splendid," said I with a sigh, As Frank took time to bat his eye. Ramblers are lovely and easy to ride; Frank gazed on and I almost cried.

Then he found courage and ventured to say, It's already here, come out this way. I looked through a window and fell through a board, For lo and behold! there stood a Ford.

—Alice M. Blackney.



THIS YEAR being an exceptional one in every sense of the word, the exchanges have not come in very well. Nevertheless a few of our old friends are with us, and it is with great pleasure that we welcome them. We thank you for your courtesy in remembering us and hope to see you again next year.

The Enterprise, Petaluma High School:—An interesting book with an attractive cover. A few more drawings would improve the appearance of the book.

Tomahawk, Ferndale Union High School:—A fine book with a splendid arrangement, and lots of good cuts and snaps. You seem like a very happy family.

The Far Darter, St. Helena High School:—A lively little book which shows your abundance of "pep." Your literary department could be improved.

Redwood Chips, Del Norte Co. High School:—You have put out a splendid book for such a small school. Your josh department could be improved.

Napanee, Napa High School:—It is quite novel and praisworthy of you to put out a book this year of all years, without the help of local ads. It is a well arranged book, and the drawings are fine. The literary department, however, is not up to the standard of the rest of the book.



TOP ROW, left to right—Don Carrothers, Editor; Estella Hawes, Manager; Hazel Churchman, School Activities.

SECOND ROW, left to right—Charles Myers, Athletic Editor; Harold Hotle, Second Assistant Manager.

THIRD ROW, left to right—Lois Moran, Exchange Editor; Homer Thomas, Associate Editor; Zelda Pitkin, Alumni Editor.

FOURTH ROW, left to right—Madalyn Post, Art Editor; Don Walker, Assistant Manager; Douglas Tofflemier, Josh Editor.

Editorial



THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief DON CARROTHERS
Associate Editor HOMER THOMAS
Art Editor MADALYN POST
Athletic Editor CHARLES MEYER
Josh Editor DOUGLAS TOFFELMIER
School Activities Editor HAZEL CHURCHMAN
Exchange Editor LOIS MORAN
Alumni Editor ZELDA PITKIN
Busines's Manager ESTELLA HAWES
Assistant Manager DON WALKER
Assistant Manager HAROLD HOTLE

NCE MORE the Azalea appears as a representation of our school life and activities. The Azalea, like our school year, has had a hard pull. There were strong arguments against publishing a paper. The main point was the financial side. They argued that the Azalea never paid for itself. This as a matter was wrong, for the Azalea has paid for itself before and will again this year.

Several special assemblies were held in which debating was hot and furious. A representation of the Alumni paid a visit and argued for the paper, and by the time everything was said, the vote was almost unanimously for the paper. The opposers had fled, thank goodness!

The first thing the staff decided on was that the paper would be the same size and be as good, if not better, than any

paper yet put out, and still pay for itself in every detail. We hope we will not have to use any of the returns of the Circus, which was given for the benefit of the Azalea, but can leave it as a starter next year. Most of the money will come from the ads, which the Sebastopol merchants gave nobly. We also secured, after a short struggle with the Merchants' Association, the right to get ads in Santa Rosa, and we have the merchants there to thank also.

There surely was no lack of inducement to write a story this year for the Azalea. Mr. Borba, the stationer, offered \$5.00 for first prize story. The Senior Class offered \$2.00 for second prize, and the Sophomores \$2.25 for third prize. The Freshmen offered \$2.00 for first prize poem, and the Juniors \$2.00 to any other deserving branch.

The Azalea has suffered some this year by having school only part of the time, our working time being thus cut down. It also has been necessary to work a little harder to make up lost work.

Up till now the school has not had much success athletically, as basketball was done away with entirely, but we hope to make a good stand this spring. Boxing and wrestling have been started this year, although they are not strong yet.

A battalion of Cadets has been organized, about which more may be found in a separate article. The Cadets have built up the character of the school in a way that pleases us. We hope you can see some of the betterments in this year's Azalea.

—The Editor.



School Activities

D URING the first part of the year, school activities were diminished considerably by the enforced influenza vacations, but after this trouble had passed, events proceeded as usual; in fact, we have had more dances this year than on most previous years. Assemblies, taken up mostly by Student Body meetings, have occurred every Wednesday, a period being set aside for this purpose. Programs and lectures by students and outsiders have, for the most part, been lacking.

ASSEMBLIES

On Lincoln's Birthday, the afternoon was given over to an assembly. A program had been arranged, consisting of a speech on Lincoln, a musical number by the Woodford trio, and one by the three girls that comprise the beginning of a school orchestra. The Choral Society, Boys' Glee Club, the music classes, and a quartet, all lent their voices to the occasion.

On March 7, the Seniors gave a short skit, alphabetically introducing each member of the class, previous to planting the Senior tree.

A mock trial was staged by the debating class on March 12. The contest was over a suit, accusing a certain young gentleman of bigamy, brought by his first wife. The whole performance was cleverly carried out, from the fighting lawyers, to the absent-minded judge, and the dainty French wife. The five-cent admission fee went toward the Azalea fund.

DANCES

As usual, the first dance after the opening of school was the Freshman Reception. Following the custom set the year before, the idea of a formal dress party was abandoned for a "Kid Party." Teachers and pupils came dressed in the clothes of their childhood days. Dancing and games, such as "London Bridge" and "Drop the Handkerchief," were the features of the evening. Punch was served between dances.

As most of the faculty this year were strangers in the community, the patrons of the school co-operated with the pupils in giving them a reception. The earlier part of the ev-

ening was spent in a social way, everybody making new acquaintances or renewing old ones, the centers of attraction always being, of course, the teachers. Then there was a short program of recitations and musical numbers by students and patrons. After this, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

After the first vacation, made necessary by the epidemic, an informal dance was arranged. Following the weeks of stay-

ing at home, this good time was doubly welcome.

Next came the famous, never-to-be-forgotten Military Ball. We had planned it when we planned the Freshman Reception. When all of the Cadets had their uniforms, it seemed that we could arrange for an early date, but the flu put a stop to our plans. Soon after school started again, a date was set, and committees started their work, but again it was necessary to close school. These delays, however, only served to arouse interest in the affair, so that, when it did occur, a record-breaking crowd of students, teachers, alumni, and patrons was present. For two weeks before, all those who so wished had been given dancing lessons. The decorating committee had been at work the week preceding, so that the "gym" was scarcely recognizable that evening. Red, white, and blue streamers were draped from all sides of the building to the center, with a palm tree beneath the place where the streamers met. Carrying out the military effect, the punch was served from a Y. M. C. A. hut in the corner, and armed sentries did guard duty at the door. On the whole, we deem it safe to say that the Military Ball was one of the most successful dances ever given at Analy.

The Freshman Return Reception took place on March 14. In the matter of decoration, especially, the Freshmen vied with the Military Ball for honors. The color scheme was carried out with pale green and yellow tissue paper. Natural greenery covered the walls. As the Freshmen had been very busy, specially the last week, great were our expectations, and disappointment was not in store, as we later discovered.

THE ANALY CIRCUS

In order to raise funds for the Azalea, and for the Student Body treasury, a circus was given on March 28. Advertising had been carried on to such an extent, and so much interest aroused in the affair, that over a thousand people crowded

the building on the appointed evening. The preceding afternoon, representatives from each concession and a few extra features, had formed a parade and traversed practically all the streets of Sebastopol, and part of Santa Rosa.

In order to repay the crowd for the admission charge, a "Free Show" was staged during the first of the evening. After this was over, the side-shows began business. Downstairs there was "Hades," which depicted the King and Queen of that region upon their throne, with devils and furies around them. A story was woven into this setting. At the Spanish Village, one ate tamales while watching Spanish senoritas and senors dancing. The Alchemist was shown in his neverending search for gold. The Food Sale Booth ran out of food before the evening had fairly started. The small folks were attracted by the "Skooters," although occasionally someone who could not be described as small might be seen enjoying a fast trip in the little wagon down the steep incline. On the second floor was the Minstrel Show, where dusky ladies and gentlemen entertained with song. The Fortune Tellers occupied booths in the hall. Here one might learn much of the future and past of which he had never dreamed. Opposite them were the "Seven Wonders of the World," astonishing all who gazed on them. From here the crowd was lead to an adjoining room, where they were entertained by the singing and dancing of four tiny dwarfs, and by a singing stunt by two girls.

As the circus brought in over \$300, most of which is clear, we feel that, if the community stands back of us as it always has done, the 1919 Azalea will be a success.



Cadets

A NALY added, this year to her many activities, an organization of High School Cadets. This organization is part of the state organization with headquarters at

the Adjutant General's office in Sacramento.

For two years it was hoped that Analy would be as other up-to-date schools and have a Cadet Company. However, until this year nothing much was done to secure a military organization. When school opened this year the idea at once found favor among the boys and their parents. Fortunately, we had on the faculty, Mr. Hull, who has had extensive experience in military tactics, and Mr. Luke, who has completed a course in a reserve officer's training camp. With these two capable instructors ready to serve Analy, no hesitation was evident and Analy entered the California High School Cadets.

Uniforms were ordered and soon the boys of Analy were garbed in khaki. The boys certainly were fine looking in the

uniforms.

There were enough boys in Analy to form a battalion of two companies. Drill progressed rapidly and a semblance of military order soon appeared.

After several weeks of drilling, examinations were held for corporals. The examination proved to be very hard, but

nearly every boy passed creditably.

The several epidemics of "flu" interrupted the drilling badly, but the boys, after the enforced vacation, worked harder than ever to become perfect in their drill.

Finally in January the final examinations for officers were held. The results of these examinations gave commis-

sions to several boys.

The officers of the companies:

Company 1

Don Carrothers—Captain.

Charles Meyer—First Lieutenant.

Homer Thomas—Second Lieutenant

Westwood Case—First Sergeant (non-com.

Company 2

Ray Wadsworth—Captain.

George Heintz-First Lieutenant.

Walter Carrothers—Second Lieutenant. Don Walker—First Sergeant (non-com.)

Under the new officers the drill progressed rapidly and Analy now has a battalion of High School Cadets that is worthy of the greatest pride.

The battalion was ordered out on fatigue duty twice. The first time was for a general clean-up of the campus. This took most of a full day, but after the work was done, contests in various athletics were held between companies. The second time was for the purpose of excavating for the rifle range. The boys worked hard and soon had dug a fine range for rifle practice.

The Cadets are supplied, by the state, with target rifles and ammunition. Every Cadet is taught the use and nomenclature of the rifle. For next year heavy regulation rifles have been obtained for drill purposes.

When school opened for the spring semester we had another valuable instructor, Mr. Nason, in drill and military setting up exercises. Mr. Nason had just completed his course in the Army School at Berkeley when he accepted his position in Analy. Mr. Nason has charge of the rifle pit and target work.

By April the Cadets were proficient enough to execute difficult battalion maneuvers in a praiseworthy manner. The new officers handled their companies so well that they drew praise from all who watched them drill.

The Cadets have participated in several important events. On the arrival of the armistice news, the Cadets were formed and made a fine appearance in the big patriotic parade on the night of November the eleventh. The Cadets were present in uniform at one of the big Liberty Loan meetings held in Lincoln Hall.

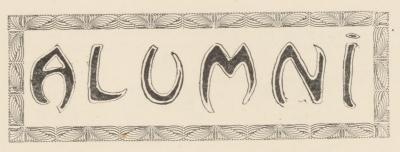
One of the best things the Cadets did was to march to the station to greet Capt. Williamson, one of Analy's greatest heroes, and form a guard of honor.

The Student Body held a Military Ball in the "Gym" on the night of February the twenty-eighth in honor of the Cadets. The Cadets were all present in full uniform. By next year the Cadets will be thoroughly equipped and organized. The Cadets have created so much favorable interest that they are an assured institution in Analy from now on.

-Homer Thomas, April, 1919.







Mable Hotle - - - President Louise Barlow - - Vice-President Harry Vier - - Treasurer

Class of 1918

Alfred Stillings, working, Sebastopol; Ruth Churchman Phair, attending Stanford; Eleanor Stillings, nursing course, San Francisco; Wilma Overholtzer, at home, Sebastopol; Elsie Moore, attending Junior College, Santa Rosa; Gretchen Tabor, at home, Sebastopol; Mildred Tabor, at home, Sebastopol; Lulu Wightman, San Jose; Roland Carrothers, working, Oakland; George Johnson, attending U. C.; Clarence MacKenzie, working, Oakland; Laurence Dayton, attending U. C.; Philip Lyle Mobley, working, Ceres; Harvey Chinnock, Pacific Union College, St. Helena; Earl Erickson, College of Pacific; Albert Martin, Navy; Eleanor Jewell, at home; Dorothy Tully, attending San Jose Normal; Helen Morford, at tending Mills College, Oakland; Ella Harbine, working, San Francisco; Edith Ramsey, at home, Graton; Elizabeth McMullen, teaching, Felta district; Fern Powell, Junior College, Santa Rosa; Harry Borba, working, San Francisco; Lee Walker, working, Oakland; Fred Anderson, at home, Forestville; Lorin Cranson, attending Stanford; Genevieve Lowary, at home; Jerome Ames, Navy; Louis Purser, attending U. C., Berkeley.

Class of 1917

Willard Akers, working, Sebastopol; Gladys Barnes, teaching, Sebastopol; Eva Berry, working, San Francisco; Marian Blunden, attending San Francisco Normal; Ernest Botts, attending College of the Pacific; Neva Carrothers, working, San Francisco; Revben Hansen, working, Mare Isand; Edna Harbine, attending Normal, San Francisco; Nola

Hazelton, Pacific Union College, St. Helena; Mabel Hotle, at home, Sebastopol; Leland Howell, working, Sebastopol; Ruth Humason, at home, Lake county; Dorothy King, at home, Sebastopol; Ruth Leach, working, San Francisco; Julia McVean, working, Santa Rosa; Robert Miller, Army, France; Viola Miller, Southern California; Cecil Pearce, attending Stanford, Palo Alto; Claire Pfefferle, at home, Freestone; Hazel Sanford, at home; Helen Searby, Children's Hospital, San Francisco; Max Stenieke, attending Stanford; Rowena Strout, at home, Sebastopol; Emma Thole, nursing, San Francisco; Harry Vier, working, Sebastopol; Roy Williamson, returned from service; Ben Woodworth, working, Coalinga; Hall Woodworth, Navy.

Class of 1916

Louise Barlow, at home, near Graton; Eugene Carrillo, Navy; Jessie Chinnock, teaching, Napa; Fay Hawkins, at home, Forestville; John Heintz, Naval Academy, Annapolis; William Irwin, ranching, near Sebastopol; Merritt Jewell, Dental College, San Francisco; Alfred Leland, Army, France; Ruth Lyons, working, San Francisco; Cuthbert Malm, Dental College, San Francisco; Owen McManus —; James McMenamin, returned from service; Wilbur Purrington, at home, Graton; Thomas Rauch, Marines, France; Florence Ryan, Loramie; Elsie Sanborn, working, Sebastopol; Robert Searby, attending U. C., Berkeley; Lenore Swain, San Jose Normal; Joe Silviera, attending Stanford; Harlen Varner, attending Business College, Santa Rosa; Raymond Wilson, Navy; Marjory Shatto, Palo Alto.

Class of 1915

Leland Barlow, ranching, Graton; Jessie Batchelor, working, Santa Rosa; Albert Batten, at home, Sebastopol; Lawrence Carrillo, Army, France; Walter Cole, Dental College, San Francisco; Una Dodenhoff (Mrs. Albert Westphall); Elizabeth Hicks, teaching, Vine Hill; Mildred Hillard (Mrs. Frank Fellers), Sebastopol; Ward Howard (deceased); Vernon Kent, attending U. C., Berkeley; Martha Lowary, teaching, San Francisco; Anna Lunceford, nursing, San Francisco; Harriet Maddocks, working, Sebastopol; Rayma Murphy, teaching, Santa Rosa; Florence Pfefferle, teaching, Bodega; Francis Purrington, teaching, Oak Grove; Charles Rogers,

working, San Francisco; Lucile Scott (Mrs. R. Sheppard), Oakland; Vincent Speers, Army; Emilie Williamson, attending school, Los Angeles; Eva Williamson, attending U. C., Berkeley.

Class of 1914

Carmen Blessing, attending U. C., Berkeley; Bertram Bower, teaching, Windsor; Ivy Burroughs (Mrs. Wogan); Dorothy Maddocks (Mrs. Taplin), San Francisco; Margaret Patterson, teaching, Joy district; Edna Ristau (Mrs. Ray Johnson), Graton; Lawrence Ristau, ranching, Modesto; Sylver Strout, working, Sebastopol; Minnie Wedge, Riverside county.

Class of 1913

Mabel Barnes (Mrs. Leland Cooper) (deceased); George Bertoli, —; John Bertoli, Army; Grace Disher, teaching, Oakland; Ruth Hair (Mrs. David Durst), Susanville; Esther Hansen, teaching, Mt. Olivet; Amelia Hillard, working, San Francisco; Orpha Kelly (Mrs. L. Ames), Sebastopol; Gertrude Langlois, —; Ralph Langlois, —; Anita Laton, teaching, U. C.; Charles Newell, Army, Oklahoma; Grace Stillings, teaching, Jonive; Irma Strout, working, Sebastopol; Theo. Thomas, Marines, France; Julia Walsh, working, Oakland; Ralph Wiggins, returned from service; Lucile Williamson, attending Stanford; Jessie Winkler, returned from service; Dee Winter, teaching, Healdsburg; Pauline Van Vicel, (Mrs. L. Brown), Hessel.

Class of 1912

Maude Barlow, nursing course, U. C.; Iva Bryon (Mrs. Breaks), Sebastopol; Howard Clayton, ranching, Sebastopol; John Donnolly (deceased); Lewis Johnson, teaching, Merced county; Rose Lowary, attending U. C., Berkeley; Florence Maddocks, working, Santa Rosa; Mamie Miller (Mrs. Crane), Rincon Valley; Ethel Poe (Mrs. Mars), Healdsburg; Marie Simpson, at home; Hilmer Oehlman, Army; Enma Street, teaching, Marshall district; Alma Swain, teaching, Green Valley; Helen Thor, teaching, San Jose; Gussie Wedehase, teaching, Sebastopol; Adele Williams (Mrs. George Ross), Forestville; Captain Joe Williamson, returned from France.

Class of 1911

Ernest Hansen, Army (Aviation), Texas; Ray Johnson, teaching, Graton; Blanche Moran (Mrs. Garrison), Marys-

ville; Adelia Payne, working, Santa Rosa; Evelyn Sweetnam, (Mrs. Chandler), Lake county; Harold Wiggins, working, San Francisco; Bernard Wilkie, Army, France; Paul Woolsey (deceased).

Class of 1910

Rena Bonham (Mrs. R. Allen), New Hampshire; Ida Hallberg, working, Santa Rosa; Margaret Jewell, working, San Francisco; Logan Smith, Navy; Bright Street, Army, France; Charles Wiggins, Army (Aviation), France.



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

Vol. 3 Square Pages

March 32, 1919.

No. 1

LOCAL HERO RETURNS

All Bingville was shaken Wednesday when the train stopped at The cause of the disthe station. was the return of our turbance glorious hero and upright citizen, Corporal Hommie Thomas. Corp. Hommie has been fighting at St. Mihiel and other salient. Every-one turned out to see him. The procession was led by the local organization, although only two of the fellows had time to put on their suits. These were Town Marshal Mello and Barber Heintz, who were already in their union suits. The mayor of Molino gave a fitting and beneficial speech at the city pump, consisting as follows:

"Friends, in behalf of the citizens of Bingville, I welcome to our bosoms, Corp. Hommie, who has returned in due time. Hommie has done his part in saving the world from not being safe for democracy. You all knew Hommie when he left; look at him now." Hommie told his many friends how he had charge of his 8 men in Chatoo Therry.

Don Walker, the all- around Poet, writes another:

My friend Steve aint much on looks, With legs like poles and hands like hooks.

Number 7 shoe and 29 chest; When he walks north one foot points west.

His starboard ear is lower than the port; One arm's long and the other arm's short.

With his number 8 head on a number 12 neck; He's a number 1 fellow just the same, by heck!

pinched for writing poetry. It seems that nobody can tell him where he can pick up a license cheap. If any subscriber knows where one, you can do him a favor by telling him.

BIG APPLES AND LITTLE APPLES

On account of the late rains, Joe Valentine, the well known apple grower of Bingville, claims that the little apples won't be as big as the big ones this year. We hope he aint right.

TRUSTEES MEET

At the annual weekly meeting of the town trustees it was decided that they would not build a knew school this year, but the pricipal and the kids didn't care, because they had decided to use the old one for another year anyway.

A speed law was passed for automobiles, especially these little fords that people try to disguise as racers. The speed was set at 11½ miles per hour. Trustee Chatterton said the reason the law was passed was to protect the town square, because the other day he saw Harold Baker go so fast up Main street he bounced clear into the town square off the road. He also said it was easier to set a speed law than it was to fix the road.

AT THE CHURCH

Sunday school will be held if some one will wake up the parson Church at the same time.

Parson Case says he's going to tell the different people whether they should take the sub-way or the Don says he's ascared that if he don't buy a poetic license he will be early to get a good seat.

PERSONAL MENTION

Walt Carrothers was in town over the week end.

Den Barlow was in town Friday receiving the welcome of his many friends. He said he never saw such a town; he didn't meet a person he

Ray Wadsworth was elected as presiding officer of the I. R. O. J. B. club. He took charge like an old veteran. It is noised around that the I. R. O. J. B. part of the club stands for In Remembrance of John Barley Corne.

Carl Ross, a prosperous farmer, made a slight mistake when painting his barn the other day. He said he don't know how it happened, but he got the second coat on first.
Thursday Tom Thomas motored

to town to buy a side of bacon.

Glen Winkler, the 6 ft. 13 pitcher of the town team, fell off of his porch on the lawn. No one was hurt.

If you don't think this paper is a good paper, read it over again.

Monday was a busy day for the rough-dry, wet-wash, rough-ironed, FIRE BREAKS OUT AT dry-cleaned, or white washed laundry

The car company wants to say that the cars are still running as The car company usual, and they still meet all trains.

What this town needs is an ordinance against grazing cows on Main street, because it aint a good way to attract imegrants.

Miss Isabel Kaiser has changed her name to Isabel Kaiserene.

There seems to be a scandal in Don Scott was seen walking with his mother. Watch out, Don.

BENEFIT DANCE A BIG SUCCESS

Last Friday a dance was given for the benefit of the Russian orphans. It took place in Paul Raulet's. Every one had a good time, except Joe Thomas, who except was disappointed because he couldn't dance. The same musicians

played at Old Lady Sheffer's funeral that played at the dance. The music was good till the end, when Kenneth got full and tried to kiss the organist. An admission fee of 50c was charged for a couple, and 50c if you came alone. The gate re-receipts were \$12.40. Door Keeper Marshall must have made a mistake, arthough he wont admit it. facts are against him. There was quite a few people at the dance, including Meeland Knello, who was with some one none of us know. But she was a pretty good dancer, so we wont bother. Hommie Thomas. the lately returned hero, was there with Mrs. Williams's daughter, and when it came time to go he had such a time starting his Ford that she got sore and started to walk. The report is she got lost in the fog. Hommie was found the next morning trying to keep the radiator warm, and he found out later that he didn't have the switch on.

Supper was served at 12:30, but not many ate. It was very good, nevertheless, and consisted of apples, cheese, bread and some kind of pudding.

CHAS. MEYERS' PALACE

A fire broke out in back of the barn at Charlie's Palace last Tuesday. The flames were discovered by Charles himself, and he sent out a cry for the fire department. happened that all the fire department was at Charles', and as they didn't have their hats or the fire hose they couldn't fight the fire. Charlie put the fire out with a towel and a glass of beer, which was handy, and had the place all cleaned up by the time the fire department got to the fire house and back.

THE EDITOR HAS CREATED A GREAT POEM FOR THIS CORNER

The more you read the more you learn. To read some more you'll have to turn.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We want to make a short statement to the effect that beginning April 1st, 1919, we will not receive instead of cash, for payments on the Bugle, any Squash, Late Apples, Buttermilk, Prize Turnips, Cottage Cheese, Dried Apples, Salt Pork or Old Roosters.

The fellows we buy paper, ink, type, glue and all other things, such as the grocer, butcher, baker, clothing man, or hardware man, don't like our style of money. It just happens that in this town they are all the same man and he don't care so much, only the other day, when I tried to buy a couple of cans of corn I had to give him two squash, a pound of dried apples and a pint of cottage cheese in payment. If I tried to buy a suit of clothes for my boy I would have to have a wagon to haul the price of it over to the store. A word to the wise is sufficient.

-Editor.

WEEKLY EDITORIAL

Again as I take up my editorial pen and the day of printing draws near, the subject that most freely comes to my mind it that of having the weeds on Main street given their annual hoeing. It seems that the Trustees do not fully realize that soon it will be summer and the peo- ing when he left home the hinges ple of the well-kept streets of the on his door squeaked "belly much." larger cities than ours, who continually emegrate in and out of Bingville in the warm, hot days of summer, will be greatly impedmented by the hay that these weeds will develope into, in do time. Chatterton says that a good crop of hay on Main street would be a good advertisement for the town, as it would show what the town can do. He says that in the city they have oranges, and bannas and flowers on the streets, and why shouldn't we have hay, a more useful and profitable thing, on our street. I want to say that I am not taking sides with anybody in this manner, but I iust about it.

DEATHS, MARRIAGES, AND RIETHS

This week has been kind of quiet along the birth line.

Miss Marjorie Sheffer, age 85, died of the colic. Was buried in the east side of the graveyard.

Elvyn Pie, age 53, married Stella Sinclair, age 20. Parson Case gave the sentence.

BINGVILLE BUGLE

Printed every Thursday afternoon in back of the blacksmith shop. D. D. Toffelmier Typesetter, distributor, reporter

D. D. Toffelmier

Price \$2.55 per year

"\$5.10 per 2 years

"\$10.20 per 3 years A single copy 5c

TRAMP SUES FOR DAMAGES

Yesterday a tramp was discovered in Barlow's pasture, suffering from a cold. He claimed Den left the gate open and he had to sleep in a draft all night.

KONG GEE, WEATHER PROPHET

Kong Gee, the town weather profit and apple drier, says it's going to rain in 2 days, because this morn-

CASE CUTS HIS MOUTH

Parson Case, the town preacher, cut his mouth last night when he was trying to eat peas and drink coffee with a knife and cup at the same time.

DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE

You men with dirty, dusty clothes get your wife a New Method carpet cleaner and a New Method clothes y that I am not taking sides washer. For sale at Cap. Nolan's anybody in this manner, but I Genera! Mdse. I sell everything wanted to tell you people from matches to milk and plow shears to hoe handles.



Advertisements Are Funny Things Sometimes

"A respectable young lady wants washing."

"I will make coats, caps, and boas for ladies out of their own spin."

"I want an overseer who can take care of 5,000 sheep who

can speak French fluently."

"Wanted:—A girl who can cook; one who will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong Roman nose with strong

religious tendencies."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood that I made out of my own

head, and have wood left for another."

"\$100 reward for the recovery of the body of Hale Short, drowned in the river on the night of the 17th. The body can be recognized by the fact that Short had an impediment of his speech."

"A lady wants to sell a piano as she is going abroad in a

strong frame."

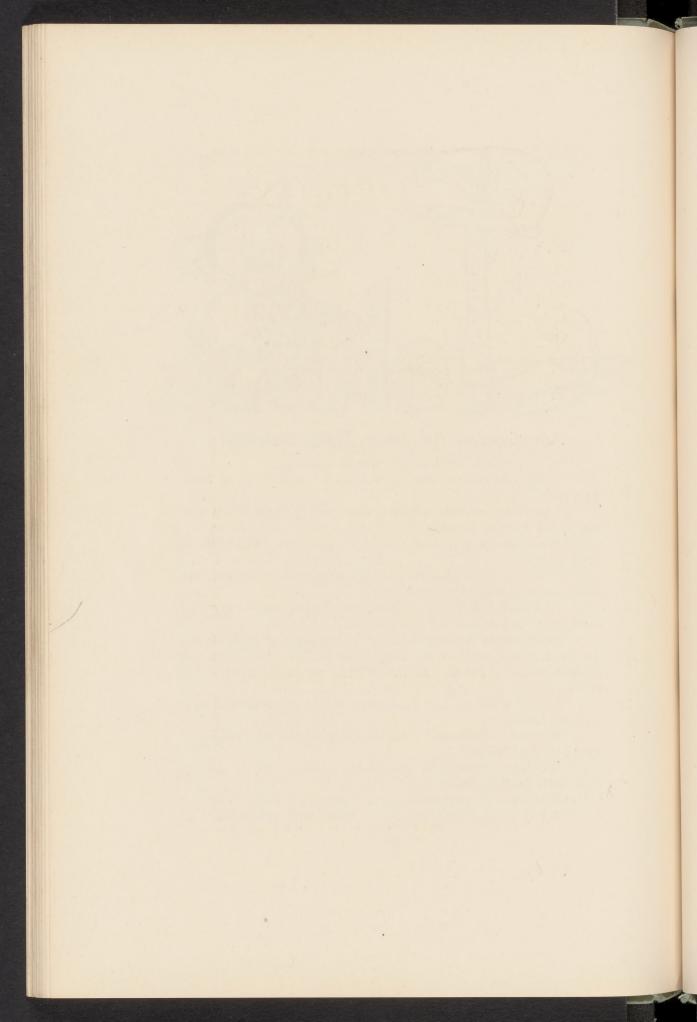
"Wanted:—A room by two men about 30 feet long and

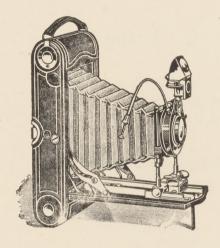
about 20 feet wide."

"Wanted:—Furnished apartment suitable for a gentleman with folding doors."

"Wanted:—Experienced nurse for bottled baby."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with reference."





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A queer thing is on the cards in Europe. How's that?
The deuce is taking all the kings.

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First One:—What town is this, Sam?
Sam, looking out the window:—It says Quaker
Oats on the sign.

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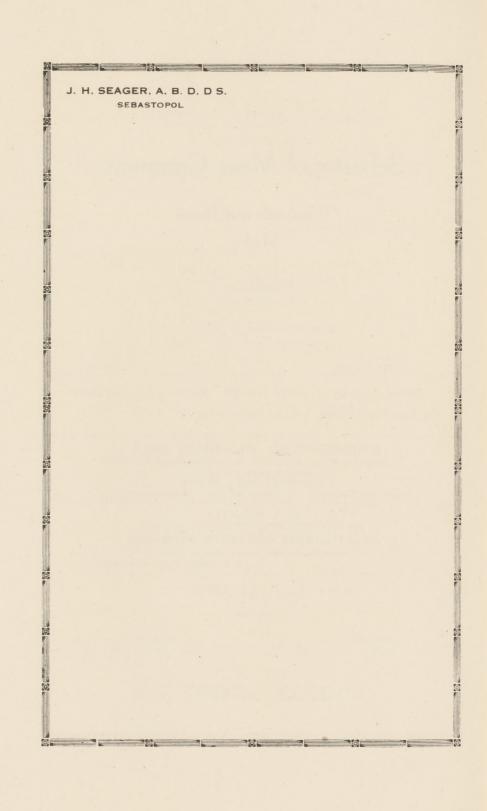
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Son:—Papa, is spunk the past participle of spank?

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Bright One:—I guess she has seen the notice—"Now is the time to lay in coal.

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'16

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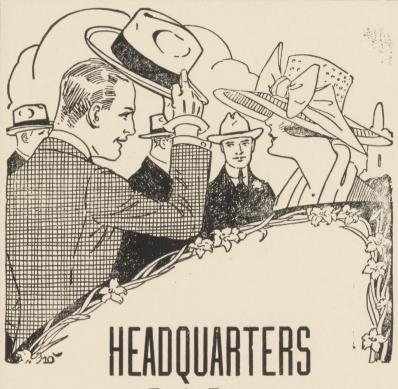
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